THE PRISON CYCLE MAXWELL KING

THE NATION

OCTOBER 11, 1971 50 cents

The Rhetoric of Vietnam: How the Press Went Along

SUSAN WELCH

Women's Magazines
CASHING IN ON FEAR & FANTASY
Karen Fisher

Chem./Biol. Warfare
THE BUDGET GIVES THE GAME AWAY
Kanegis/Richards

George Woodcock / Half-Truths on Orwell

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LETTERS

wounded veterans

Washington, D. C.

DEAR SIRS: The aim of Jim Castelli's "The Wounded Wait in Line" [*The Nation*, Sept. 6] appears to be the same as mine and the 170,000 other employees of the Veterans Administration—to insure that Vietnam veterans—and all veterans—get the best possible medical care. Noble as Mr. Castelli's aims may be, however, I believe sincerely that he is hurting this cause rather than helping it. . . .

Contrary to the impressions fostered by Castelli's article, there is absolutely no waiting list in any VA facility for any veteran with a service-connected medical condition. . . . VA medical facilities are treating more patients and getting them home faster than at any time in history. The ratio of staff to patients is better than it has ever been before. . . .

If Vietnam veterans are to take full advantage of the ever improving medical care and other benefits available to them, they must be assured that these benefits are good, and their parents, wives and friends must likewise feel assured.

To foster the impression that the medical care is second rate and that veterans are being shortchanged on other benefits is adding to a problem that is all too prevalent among young veterans and young people in general. I'm referring to their lack of confidence in social institutions. . . .

Mr. Castelli has done a very thorough job of summarizing one side of the numbers game that has been presented in regard to Veterans Administration programs. Unfortunately, he did not present the information that put these numbers and allegations in proper perspective. This caused him to:

¶Mix "apples and oranges" when he compared staffing ratios in VA and community hospitals and to grossly understate VA staffing ratios;

¶fail to perceive that a reduction in average daily patient loads of the type achieved during the past ten years in VA hospitals is largely the result of better and more specialized care;

¶fail to understand that a modest waiting list for treatment of noncritical conditions that have no relation to military service—in a hospital system where more than half of the beneficiaries are being treated for nonservice ailments—helps insure that no veteran with a service-connected condition will ever have to wait;

¶misinterpret the intent of postoperative and rehabilitation programs designed to restore the ill and injured as functioning members of society as soon as possible;

¶misinterpret Congressional negotiations on funding as cuts in funding when, in fact, funding was being increased dramatically;

¶raise the fear of "phasing out the system" when the VA medical system is treating more beneficiaries from all wars than at any time in history;

¶perpetuate allegations completely refuted months before the article was written about mistreatment and even death due to poor care.

Donald E. Johnson, Administrator

Mount Vernon, N. Y.

DEAR SIRS: Since I can agree with Mr. Johnson on two of his criticisms, I'll get to them first. I did not, as was implied, perpetuate allegations about deaths to patients in VA hospitals which I knew to be false; the allegations were refuted before the article was *published*, but not before it was *written*. Second, I wrote of waiting lists, but nowhere stated that war-connected injuries were forced to wait; the title might give this impression, but it was written by the editors. . . .

As for mixing apples and oranges, if there is a different way of computing staff-patient ratios in VA hospitals than

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EDITORIALS

U.N. Patterns for 1971

Political suspense and the feeling that new patterns are finally emerging in international relations characterize the twenty-sixth session of the United Nations General Assembly now meeting in New York. The main element of suspense is provided by the last-ditch fight waged by the United States to prevent the expulsion of Nationalist China, a fight which, if successful, would prevent the entry of Peking for at least one more year. Despite an apparent contradiction between Washington's solicitude for Taiwan and the new China policy of President Nixon, diplomats have come to realize that the United States will spare no effort to keep a seat for the Nationalists. The Administration probably believes that a show of solidarity with Chiang Kai-shek at this stage will not, in the long run, harm the grand design of normalizing Chinese-American relations that is to be launched with the President's visit to Peking. Besides, there is a strong possibility that the United States may lose the United Nations battle, and Washington could then bow gracefully, if sadly, to the will of the majority.

The American delegation has lost the first procedural fight and is now on the defensive. It can no longer argue, as Ambassador Bush did, that it just wants to be "fair" as between "single representation" (Peking) and "dual representation" (Peking and Taiwan) for China. The only argument left for Mr. Bush to use on lukewarm diplomats will be that expulsion of a loyal member (Taiwan) is a dangerous precedent.

The United States will find most Western nations standing in the way of its efforts, as well as many countries of the Third World, which have begun to think in terms of talk and trade with mainland China. By its drastic attack on foreign aid and foreign imports, the Nixon Administration has sacrificed a much-needed leverage on undecided delegations. Indeed, the developing countries have already raised a cry against the consequences of the present monetary crisis, which not only pits the United States against other industrial countries but endangers the whole structure of postwar international monetary agreements, leaving the task of elaborating a new system to the ten richest nations in the world.

Paradoxically, the United States will not be hampered by its old opponent, the Soviet Union, which is less than enthusiastic at the prospect of sitting in the U.N. with the People's Republic of China, and which would vote the straight American ticket if it dared. With the war in Vietnam waning, the German problem largely settled, the SALT talks and cooperation in space promising, and proposals for a conference on European security and troop reduction well received, the USSR can afford to bask in the rays of a *détente* with the United States. It is in Moscow's interest to advertise this trend in order to minimize the Washington-Peking *rapprochement*. Washington is equally eager to reassure Moscow, and the Rogers-Gromyko talks, which regularly accompany the first weeks of the U.N. General Assembly, were said to have been marked by an unusual cordiality.

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An American-Soviet confrontation over the Middle East seems less likely than ever, even though no overall settlement is in sight. Moscow still throws verbal barbs at Israel and still voices ardent support for the Arab claims, but recent events in the Sudan and anti-Communist statements in Cairo have led to a moderation of Soviet zeal. And the well-publicized contacts between American and Egyptian diplomats have caused Moscow to hint that it may some day renew some ties with Israel.

For the moment, the initiative for moving toward a partial settlement in the Middle East, in the form of an agreement allowing the reopening of the Suez Canal, remains with the United States, which declares that both Egypt and Israel want it to continue in this role. Recent meetings of the Security Council on Jerusalem have demonstrated anew the harmful and inflammatory effect of public debates on this subject. Similar exchanges can be expected in the General Assembly, but more serious diplomatic moves will take place in the wings.

Private talks will also characterize the search for a new Secretary-General to replace U Thant at the end of the year. Of the candidates under consideration, no name has emerged with particular strength up to now, but the fourth Secretary-General of the United Nations will not, unlike his predecessors, be elected in a period of cold war. Neither is the Soviet Union likely to revive Khrushchev's proposal for a "troika," which could conceivably produce a Chinese or pro-Chinese as the third horse.

Whether Peking is already in, or waiting to enter in 1972, the new man will have to gain the approval of the People's Republic of China. No responsible statesman would want it otherwise, since the organization he inherits will, one way or another, be deeply transformed by China. That is not to say that the mere presence of China would automatically return the United Nations to the peace-keeping role it has been less and less able to fulfill. But whether it chooses to wage a triangular battle against the "imperialists" and "revisionists," or concentrates on trying to win the developing countries over to its side, whether it brandishes revolutionary spirit, or uses the United Nations for an apprenticeship in multilateral diplomacy, China will instill a new dimension in a body that was slipping more and more away from reality and into the contemplation of its own image. ANNE TUCKERMAN

Illinois Gerrymander

Congress is apparently about to lose one of its most promising and certainly one of its most courageous members—Rep. Abner Mikva of Chicago. He is being greased out of office via partisan redistricting by a three-judge federal panel.

Because the Illinois legislature could not agree on a redistricting plan, the judges were given a choice of four maps—two drawn by independent parties, one drawn by Republicans and one by Democrats. The three-judge panel voted 2 to 1 along party lines for the Republican map (that is, two of the judges are GOP appointees). The Republican redistricting map was drawn under the supervision of Robert Blair, speaker of the Illinois House of Representatives. It is interesting that one of the two new districts surrounds his home and thereby gives him

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The Nation is published weekly (except biweekly in July and August) by the Nation Company and copyright 1971 in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10014. Tel: CH 2-8400. Second class postage paid at New York, N. Y.

Subscription Price: One year $12.50; two years, $23. Add $1 per year postage for Canada and Mexico; $2 other foreign.

Change of Address: It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give five weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give Zip Code numbers for both addresses.

Manuscripts. All work submitted will be read by the editors. The magazine cannot, however, be responsible for the return of unsolicited manuscripts unless they are accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelopes.

Information to Libraries: The Nation is indexed in Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest, Book Review Index and the Public Affairs Information Service.

THE NATION

Volume 213
No. 11

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a dandy excuse to run for Congress. The other new district embraces the home of Donald Rumsfeld, the slickster who briefly served in Congress before becoming director of the Office of Economic Opportunity (almost dismantling that agency) and then moving on to become one of Nixon's chamberlains at the White House.

The Republican redistricting gets rid of Mikva by putting him in a district with Rep. Ralph H. Metcalfe, a black. The district is 90 per cent black: exit Mikva.

Setting aside the nation's loss if Mikva leaves Washington, the judicial partisanship has wrought other inequities. For example, it reduces the number of Chicago districts from nine to seven, and it does this in such a way as to get rid of one of Chicago's black Congressmen —leaving the city's black population, which is considerably more than 30 per cent of the total, with only one seat in the U.S. House of Representatives. In fact, he will be the only black in the entire Illinois House delegation of twenty-four. In addition to Metcalfe, Chicago is now represented by George W. Collins, a black. The redistricting puts Collins in a predominantly white district with Frank Annunzio. Exit Collins.

Democrats anticipate that the political face of Illinois will be changed overall; instead of there being twelve Democrats and twelve Republicans in the House, they expect the numbers to shift to fifteen Republicans and nine Democrats, with tremors of that change being felt all the way down to the office of dogcatcher.

The Second District, which Mikva now represents, has been one of the nation's ideal urban political conglomerates: part city, part suburb, part white, part black, part working class, part uppercrust, part lowbrow, part professorial. It contains Hyde Park, site of the University of Chicago, and from this area many notables, including Paul Douglas, have entered politics. It has been the center of reform for Chicago's local politics. The Second District is now being torn apart, and the well-organized Hyde Park reform group will be swallowed by a district that has tended to go along with the Daley machine.

There are still options to preserve Mikva in politics, but none of them will be easy to bring off. He could run for Congress from one of the other districts. Or he might even try to unseat Sen. Charles Percy, who is up for re-election next year. Mikva's followers concede that they think of making the effort.

If it were fought strictly on a head-to-head basis, Percy would probably beat Mikva, but the latter could conceivably be carried to victory if he were on a ticket with an especially strong Democratic candidate for governor. Republican Gov. Richard Ogilvie has been running hard against himself, so to speak; he put in the income tax, a highly unpopular action, and the hostility it aroused is still very much alive.

Mikva would go into that race with a solid, if not an impressive, statewide base. He was in the legislature for ten years. He has a following that reaches far beyond Chicago. The last time he ran for the state legislature was in an at-large election in 1964. He finished fifth in a field of 236. Adlai Stevenson III led the field with 2.377 million votes, but Mikva drew only 40,000 less than that. It was his only statewide test exposure, but it was encouraging enough, we hope, to keep him running.

Texas Does It Big

The collapse of the Frank W. Sharp banking and insurance empire has been aired before but, with its usual thoroughness, *The Wall Street Journal* assigned two of its reporters to view it in perspective and assemble the facts for the busy reader. The story (in the *Journal* of September 28) is a shocker. The central figure "has been accused of masterminding a stock fraud described as the biggest swindle since the Billie Sol Estes case." Estes, however, served time. Sharp got off with a $5,000 fine and three years on probation.

The story centers on Texas, but has national ramifications. The bank through which Sharp carried on his operations was a Texas state bank, but since it had federal deposit bank insurance it came under the jurisdiction of the FDIC, which was astonishingly lenient in its investigations. When the bank crashed, two insurance companies which Sharp controlled went down with it. The national aspects go up to the higher levels of the Department of Justice, whose chief criminal prosecutor, Will Wilson, a former Texas attorney general, served as general counsel for six years for three of Sharp's companies. "Much of it was legal help," the *Journal* men write, "but some of it wasn't."

Sharp was a self-made man in the American tradition, although he deviated from its precepts as he became richer. The first big money he made was as a government building contractor in World War II; later he prospered in the postwar housing boom. By then he had important political connections not only in Texas but in Washington, which helped him when he turned to high finance.

A sample of his manipulations, and one of the most bizarre, started with a gift of 85 acres of land and 20,000 shares of his Sharpstown bank stock, to help a group of Jesuit fathers finance a private school in Houston. He persuaded these clergymen to borrow $3 million from his bank, which they then lent to a company Sharp controlled, which in turn used the $3 million to purchase stock newly issued by the bank. With this species of feedback, the bank's capitalization was increased proportionately, and thus Sharp borrowed his way into control of the National Bankers Life Insurance Co. and Olympic Life Insurance Co., both now in "conservatorship."

A curious feature of Sharp's transactions is that the FDIC did not break the case. The Securities and Exchange Commission, checking the books of a small Dallas brokerage house, discovered a scheme whereby Sharp and his associates, including former Texas state officials, had violated federal securities laws. The operation enabled Sharp and his associates to "systematically loot" the companies they controlled.

The government agencies, with the possible exception of the SEC, did not cover themselves with glory in this case. The FDIC's excuse is that when dubious banking practices are brought to light it is best to avoid public disclosure, lest a run on the bank make the situation worse. In the case of the Sharpstown bank the situation finally became worse than the FDIC had anticipated.

Texas regulation of financial institutions is incredibly loose. The *Journal* writers explain that "in the government of a state like Texas, dominated by business interests and conservative politicians, the pressures against strict regula-

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tion can be enormous, especially in any case in which the state's top officeholders have an interest."

Asst. Atty. Gen. Will Wilson may be forced to resign, the story says. Since he was Texas attorney general at the time of the Billie Sol Estes case, he should have known enough to keep his skirts clean. He became involved through such favors to Sharp, his client, as allowing a third party to use Wilson's brokerage account to buy stock in National Bank Life with a loan from a Sharp company. The third party turned out to be the FDIC's chief bank examiner in Houston. Wilson says he didn't know that and we can take his word for it, but why didn't he inquire at the time? Such oversights scarcely qualify a lawyer for the post of Assistant U.S. Attorney General.

Verbal Disarmament

Readers of "The Budget Gives the Game Away" on page 337 of this issue may decide that there is less than meets the eye in the draft proposal to outlaw biological weapons that was submitted last month by the United States and the Soviet Union to the Geneva disarmament conference.

In the first place, this proposal, which has the effect of divorcing the ban on germ warfare from the ban on chemical warfare, will no doubt lull world opinion into supposing that the latter is relatively benign—just as the ban on atmospheric testing of atomic bombs has largely reconciled the nations to the underground testing of such devices. Further, the proposed language does not prohibit the *use* of biological weapons but only their production and stockpiling and, as Mr. Kanegis and Mrs. Richards point out in the above-mentioned article, existing techniques for producing large quantities of lethal biological material from small samples of germs make stockpiling unnecessary. Finally, these authors' findings that the United States, despite Mr. Nixon's public renunciation of biological warfare, will continue to budget huge sums for research in this field expose the hypocrisy in the promise made by the American representative at Geneva to notify the conference when the destruction of biological stockpiles at Pine Bluff, Ark., is completed.

The theory that half a loaf is better than none does not apply to disarmament. Indeed, the jockeying at Geneva more and more assumes the aspect of an arms race in reverse—the idea being to look piously nonbelligerent while maintaining or improving a lethal advantage over one's possible enemies.

THE PRISON CYCLE

VIOLENCE TO REFORM TO APATHY

MAXWELL KING
Mr. King, a reporter on the Louisville Courier Journal & Times, *has written extensively about the penal systems of Kentucky and Indiana.*

In the mid-1960s, three bloody riots exploded at the Indiana Girls' School, the state's reform school for delinquent girls, just outside Indianapolis. Television newsmen and newspaper reporters came from outside the state to record scenes of teen-age girls running about the institution in a frenzy, hurling rocks at windows, being clubbed in reprisal, screaming—and bleeding.

The Hoosiers were chagrined. It was an ugly portrait of their state. After years of neglect by the legislature, the school's budget was fattened. Three new dormitories were built, a new recreation building and a central kitchen were added, and money was made available to hire competent, professional staff. Over the next five years, the girls' school became the gem of the Indiana Department of Correction, and cooperation flourished between inmates and staff. Today, most of the girls go home on weekends and return of their own accord on Sunday evenings.

It is an accepted truth among inmates of penal institutions that riot begets reform, that often a violent confrontation within the high walls is required to bring deplorable conditions to the attention of an apathetic public, and to force examination of practices that have gone unquestioned for decades. Reform, in turn, often encourages a return to public apathy, which provides the setting for violence to flare anew. This cycle of violence, reform and apathy runs through the histories of most state prison systems in the country, and the path to progress and reform in these systems is almost invariably studded with bleak moments of cruelty and killing. In recent years, Indiana's penal system has churned through the cycle twice, and may well be headed for a third round. The girls' school riots of the mid-1960s led to a brief era of reform, which was followed two years ago by a shooting at the state's reformatory that has led to the most important period of reform in the state's penal system in this century.

In the autumn of 1969, eight guards and a plumber employed at the Indiana Reformatory in Pendleton, a maximum-security prison for men under 30, opened fire with riot guns on a group of inmates who were lying down on the reformatory parade ground in a protest against prison conditions. Two inmates died and forty-five others were wounded, some of them seriously. The shooting occasioned investigations by a Madison County grand jury, the U.S. Civil Rights Commission, and a federal grand jury that returned indictments this spring against the nine who fired the guns, charging that they deprived inmates of their civil rights. The maximum penalty for that offense is life imprisonment. One of the nine pleaded guilty to the charges in August and is awaiting sentencing. The other eight are scheduled to go on trial October 26 in Indianapolis.

Several weeks after the Pendleton shooting, two inmates

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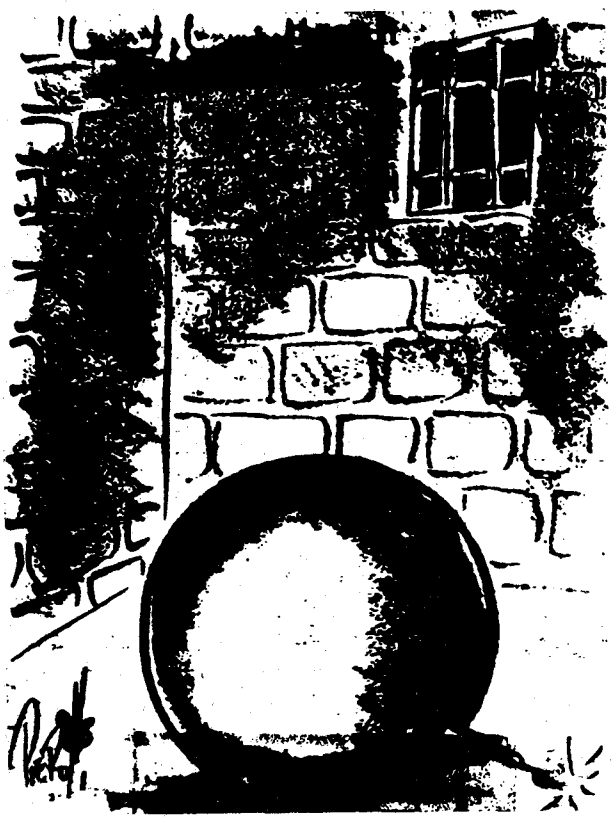
made use of the services of the Indiana Civil Liberties Union (ICLU) to bring suit against Warden George Phend, Commissioner of Correction Robert P. Heyne and Gov. Edgar D. Whitcomb. The suit, a class action on behalf of all Pendleton inmates, charged that the system of internal discipline at the reformatory (similar to operations at most other prisons in the country) consistently violated their civil rights. Instead of fighting the suit, Phend and Heyne invited ICLU Director Craig Pinkus and his associates to come in and tell them exactly what they were doing wrong.

Meetings between Pendleton staff members and ICLU representatives went on for several months. When they were over, the discipline system of the reformatory, one of the most traditional aspects of any American prison, had been drastically altered. Today, inmates accused of a violation of prison rules are allowed to call witnesses and question them when they are brought before the Conduct Adjustment Committee, or prison "court." Before, this basic court right was unheard of at Pendleton.

Prior to the ICLU talks, accused prisoners had been routinely thrown into a special detention area—often solitary confinement, known as "the hole"—until the Conduct Adjustment Committee was ready to look into their cases. Thus their punishment began before they were given a hearing. ("Here, we're guilty until proven innocent," said one inmate a year and a half ago.) Now the accused remain in the general population of the prison.

Another important change in procedure bars the guard who accuses an inmate from sitting on the court that tries him. In the past, an inmate's accuser could sit on his jury, a practice that is still followed in many American prisons. Since the ICLU talks, every inmate found guilty of a breach of prison discipline is immediately advised of appeals procedures. Also, when the Conduct Adjustment Committee reaches a decision by a split vote, that vote is announced. It used to be kept a secret, lest the prisoners detect chinks in the armor.



The Conduct Adjustment Committee periodically reviews the cases of inmates locked in special detention areas, to determine when they are to be returned to the general population of the prison. Since the ICLU talks, inmates are allowed to represent themselves at these reviews. In addition, the ICLU suggested that guards be required to discuss infractions with inmates before reporting them to the Conduct Adjustment Committee. "This is what the more experienced guards do," said ICLU Director Pinkus. "But the inexperienced guards often just write a man up without trying to talk to him and work things out." Officials hope this change will reduce tensions and the number of cases that must be tried before the "court," and ultimately be an effective way to discover what causes some inmates to be habitual violators of prison rules.

Early this year, top officials of the Indiana Department of Correction, encouraged by the success of the ICLU talks and convinced that the Pendleton shooting had armed them with compelling evidence that more reform was needed, went to the 1971 legislature for help. Before the legislature adjourned this spring, it enacted two major reforms. First, the Department of Correction was given authorization to plan and build a network of regional, community-based treatment centers that may eventually replace much of the present prison system. National penal experts estimate that perhaps 70 per cent of those locked up in restrictive prisons and reform schools should not be there either for their own safety or for that of the public. The regional treatment centers will be designed to provide a variety of treatment programs for these offenders within or near their home communities.

Second, the department was reorganized to clarify lines of authority and to give tenure to all positions except that of commissioner. In the past, top jobs were traditionally filled by political appointees with little or no experience of correction work. The new legislation sets professional qualifications for the top officials in the department (including the wardens and superintendents) and insures that the jobs will be filled by professionals and not passed out as post-election political plums.

Despite the success of the ICLU talks and the new legislation, a good many correction workers in Indiana remain unconvinced. They point out that the reformatory at Pendleton is still badly overcrowded, and that many men must double up in single cells. Most of the reformatory inmates spend their time on work details that provide no training, and there aren't even enough of those jobs to go around. On any given day, a third of the inmates may be milling about their cell areas with nothing to do. The superintendent of the Indiana Boys' School estimates that the 1,200 boys who are sent there each year are two to three times the number that the school should handle.

Most of the Department of Correction staff is paid less than laborers get in local industry, and 80 per cent of them are involved with custody—simply watching—as opposed to the 20 per cent in treatment programs and administration. And, say the disgruntled correction workers, although the department got reform legislation, it didn't get any money to expand salaries or programs. For decades, the

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Indiana Department of Correction has been the most poorly financed agency of state government, but the 1971 legislature did not increase its share of the tax dollar.

What bothers correction workers even more is the way the new reforms were obtained. Few believe that the public or the legislature would have paid any attention to their needs if blood had not been spilled in the halls of the girls' school and on the parade ground at Pendleton. And they have a nagging fear that the reforms gained over the past few years will salve the public's conscience and again ease the voters into apathy. Then it is anybody's guess what new moment of ugly violence will be required to rekindle public commitment to the arduous task of making the penal system humane and effective. □

Vietnam: How the Press Went Along

SUSAN WELCH

Miss Welch is a member of the political science faculty at the University of Nebraska. Her article will be part of an essay in the forthcoming Communication in International Politics, *edited by Richard L. Merritt (University of Illinois Press).*

The conflict between the government and the press over the publication of the Pentagon Papers has provided a convenient occasion to examine the role of the journalists during earlier stages of the American involvement in Indochina. Over the last six years the press has reported many anti-governmental viewpoints on the war, and in so doing has suffered a good deal of criticism, particularly from the Johnson and Nixon Administrations. But, looking back at coverage of two decades ago, one finds that the press played a key part in promulgating the view that Indochina was an area of vital interest to the United States. This was of course the view of the Truman and Eisenhower administrations, and the press, with some exceptions, relayed it to the public with a good deal of faithfulness. A review of four major metropolitan papers —*The New York Times, The Washington Post, the Chicago Tribune* and the *San Francisco Chronicle*—from 1950-56 recalls a treatment of the Indochinese issue that is in significant contrast to reporting on the war today.

By 1965, when the United States dramatically escalated its involvement in Indochina, the rhetoric with which the struggle was discussed had long been fixed. It was in the 1950s, not the 1960s, that this distant and undeclared war became established in the minds of both the public and public officials as a showdown between the forces of communism and anti-communism, vital to the "free world"; that Ho Chi Minh was identified as a tool of a larger Communist movement, and that victory in Indochina was seen as vital to the preservation of all Southeast Asia, indeed perhaps of all Asia and beyond.

What the press did to help establish these views is important. Most people, including many officials, never come into direct contact with the foreign events about which they gain convictions and make decisions. They rely, rather, upon the communications media for information, not only about a particular issue but also for the more generalized frame of reference within which it is being discussed. Once a specific issue is put into a larger ideological context, the alternatives for dealing with it are automatically narrowed. If one defines an enemy as a "godless Communist, determined to conquer by force all of Asia," one does not in the next breath suggest negotiating with him to settle grievances. The terms used to characterize the enemy in Indochina have precluded some possible courses of action.

The definitions of the conflict were chosen by the government and echoed by the press, beginning in the early 1950s. We could have seen the war, at that time waged between the French-led-and-supported forces of Bao Dai and the Vietminh, as a civil war, as an anti-colonialist upsurge, or even as a struggle between Communists and anti-Communists that was not vital to our security. Instead the two administrations of the 1950s chose, and the press accepted almost without question, a definition in which Indochina became a "linchpin" in the effort of the "free world" to throw back Communist aggression.

While it would have been possible for a determined administration to deny this assumption, with the opening of each new act in the drama of the cold war, it became harder. Thus the Korean War implied that President Truman was assuming larger responsibility for the defense of Indochina; the steady deterioration of the French position there coincided with the Eisenhower administration's steadily tougher rhetoric and increasing military commitments to France. By 1960, the assumptions held about the Indochinese situation were fixed, and until disaster befell the United States in its military involvement there, they seemed unchallengeable.

From 1950 to 1952, the part being played by the United States in Indochina was not given a great deal of press attention. Official policy had been made and consolidated before the subject became a matter of daily news coverage. For example, in that period, *The New York Times* carried about one item on the issue every four days. Few of these stories were either extensive or on the front page. A close reader of the *Times* could have found some continuing news of U.S. involvement in Indochina, but a less careful reader, or the reader of a less comprehensive paper would seldom have been reminded that the problem was continuing and indeed growing. Indochina at that time was, to Americans, a relatively noncontroversial topic, even as the United States was reinforcing major economic and political guarantees to the French.

What were these papers saying about Indochina at this early stage? By the end of 1952, and before "Indochina" had become a word common in the headlines, *The Washington Post*, the *Times* and the *San Francisco Chronicle* had adopted terms and definitions which clearly put the developing struggle in the context of a worldwide Communist versus non-Communist battle. Indochina must be "saved" (from the Communists); "no free Indochina in a slave world"; the Vietminh were directed from Moscow,

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ready to do anything when "the Kremlin gives the order." The "domino theory" was not labeled as such, but its elements were present: "If [Indochina] falls to the Communist advance, the whole of Southeast Asia will be in mortal peril." Hence, the terms of future debate over United States policy were already being hardened into usage by the press, even if the coverage was thin. The importance of Indochina and the need to save it were the recurring themes of the news provided by these three papers. There was, to be sure, some minor dissent. For example both the *Post* and the *Times* sometimes criticized the administration for not having a firm policy. The *Times*, in particular, thought the administration was moving too slowly. Its basic position was that expressed on May 6, 1950: "Indochina must be saved promptly."

The *Chicago Tribune* took a quite contrary position throughout the early stages of the conflict. It can perhaps be summarized most concisely by quoting from an editorial of May 14, 1950, written after the announcement of United States aid to France in Indochina:

> Mr. Acheson says that we are to aid France because France is fighting in Indochina to free that country—from France. France is fighting to save that country from Communism. Was there ever a nobler purpose than to fight a costly war thousands of miles away from home, in order that colonials might be freed from your own rule, saved at the same time from Communism?

The *Tribune*, then, was skeptical of the whole operation in Indochina. While admitting that Ho Chi Minh's movement was Communist, the *Tribune* seemed equally hostile to France, which it repeatedly portrayed as a greedy colonialist power.

Throughout 1953 the press carried these points of view still further. The *Times*, the *Post* and the *Chronicle* continued to stress the "interlocking" nature of the struggle in the Far East, in terms both of the commonality of the struggles in Korea and Indochina and of the emerging "domino theory." For example, the *Chronicle* editorialized on March 27, 1953 that there was:

> . . . an increasing awareness in the United States that France's war in Indochina is vital to the entire free world in holding back a Red tide that threatens to engulf all Southeast Asia, protecting Asia's historical rice bowl, and maintaining the West's access to tin and rubber. . . .

The *Tribune* held to its anti-intervention attitude, saying, with respect to the dispute between France and Indochina as to which should receive American aid, "There is something excruciatingly funny about a jurisdictional dispute between two pickpockets as to which is to work the juicy side of the street."

While 1953 was a crucial year for United States policy toward Indochina, 1954 was a year of crisis. The press reflected the increasing concern of the administration as coverage of the war increased dramatically. Indochina was front-page news for most of the first seven months of the year. Press discussion of proposed U.S. military intervention was frequent, none of the three pro-administration papers raising a voice against it. Neither, however, was any of them forthright in urging the administration to take military action. Most columnists and editorialists agreed with Joseph Alsop that the United States was going to be faced with "one of the ugliest choices of the postwar years . . . whether to take drastic measures to reinforce Indochina."

During the four months preceding the final settlement at Geneva, stories of rumored intervention, of Dulles' warnings to China of "major retaliation," of Congressional opposition to intervention, of Allied dissension, and of Dulles' attempts to achieve an agreement among them received front-page attention.

The *Post*, *Times* and *Chronicle* continued to call for firm and united action by the Allies as being the only way to meet the united front of Communist power. "It is only when the ranks of their enemies are tightly closed that Moscow and Peking are inclined to make procedural, let alone real, concessions," commented the *Times* on April 8. The *Tribune* on the other hand, never deviated from its opposition to intervention, united or otherwise. Its editors accused Dulles of being "bellicose," "reckless" and "hankering for war." The *Tribune* was the only paper to state firmly, or even to hint, that the United States had no real interests in Indochina.

After failing to win support from any of the Western Allies for a united armed intervention in Indochina, and after failing to gain domestic support for unilateral intervention, Dulles instructed Walter Bedell Smith to agree that the United States would not obstruct the proceedings at Geneva. The Geneva Agreements were signed on July 21, 1954.

The press response was mixed. The *Chronicle* called its editorial on the settlement "The Disaster at Geneva." The *Tribune* and *Post*, from different perspectives, blamed past policy for the poor settlement. The *Post* looked ahead optimistically to the future of the independent nations protected by an Asian defense treaty; the *Tribune* foresaw that, because of Dulles' plan for a SEATO treaty, the United States would probably become entangled in another Asian adventure. The *Times* grudgingly accepted the settlement, its editors being happy that the problem had been transferred from the military to the political sphere. They encouraged the Allies to join together to protect the rest of Asia and supported the formation of a Southeast Asian Pact, as well as increased economic and technical aid to Indochina.

Except for the *Tribune*, then, the editors of these papers appeared to believe that U.S. policy had failed largely because alliances had not been firmly made beforehand, and because the Allies could not agree on united action. An alliance was now about to come into being, and there was great hope that it would engender at last a determination to protect Asian nations from Communist domination. There is little evidence that other diagnoses of the situation were considered: for example, that instead of being mere mechanical failures, such setbacks in policy might have been caused by fundamental misperceptions of the prospects for establishing democratic systems that could elicit popular support without granting fundamental reforms—reforms that the prospective pro-Western leaders might not be willing to make. Instead, the press anticipated the early establishment of a "Third Force," an alternative to Communist Ho and French-backed Bao Dai.

After Geneva, coverage of the Indochinese issue dropped sharply. By the end of 1955, Washington's support for the regime of Ngo Dinh Diem as the "Third Force" had reached the point of no return, and the press

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accepted the inevitable. After some weeks of wavering, the *Times* commented that "There is no alternative to a stable government under Premier Diem." Diem was most often labeled a man of "high integrity"; his failings were usually labeled "administrative ineptitude." The government's policies, then, were supported by the same three papers that had gone along with earlier administration positions on Indochina. The *Tribune* had little to say about Diem, but did complain about the large amounts of aid the United States was sending to him.

Thus, the Indochinese issue was at first not given large attention by the press; nevertheless, by relying almost solely on administration sources, reporters and editorialists laid the foundation for the way the issue was understood when discussions of the American role there became crucial. Support for the administration was forthcoming not only in editorials but also, and more importantly, in the phraseology of presumed factual reports. Echoing the administration, the press portrayed Ho Chi Minh and the Vietminh as agents of Moscow (later of Peking), whose primary means of gaining support were terror and force. The reading public also got the impression of a gallant France, fighting alongside the United States to preserve Asia for the "free world."

In 1954, when coverage increased, the assumptions of the administration continued to hold sway. This is not to say that the press in this period was entirely uncritical, but the objections were largely to details, and did not challenge the basis of U.S. involvement. Quarrels with the administration seemed to focus on such points as how severely France should be pressed to give more independence to Indochina; how much United States aid should be sent; should troops or air strikes be seriously considered; should we set up an Asian alliance, and who should be a part of it? These questions were important, of course, but they left the premises unchallenged.

The *Tribune* did dispute the administration on the central questions of U.S. involvement in Indochina, but since the paper disputed almost every action of the United States abroad, its criticism of this particular policy were apt to be discounted by all but its most loyal readers. Moreover, the *Tribune*'s criticisms did not spring from anything specific to the Indochinese situation but rather from a long-standing "isolationist" position.

After the division of Vietnam at Geneva, the press undertook no re-evaluation of basic United States policy. Again, except for the *Tribune*, the papers supported enthusiastically the Dulles plan for a Southeast Asia Treaty Organization. They foresaw that a "firming up" of military commitments in advance was all that was needed to prevent a similar loss in the future. The press buttressed, it did not question, existing assumptions about the role of the Vietminh in the "worldwide Communist conspiracy," about the methods that that group used to gain support, about the likelihood that a nationalist, non-Communist leader, free of the colonialist stigma, would emerge to win the support of the people. More important, perhaps, after 1955 the story faded almost completely from the news. The official premises of U.S. interests in Indochina then lay dormant for several years, to be resurrected for use in a later war.

The purpose of reviewing this fifteen-to-twenty-year-old press coverage of the war is not, of course, to dwell on the irony of the *Chicago Tribune*'s dovish stance, or to condemn the bulk of the press for being short-sighted or gullible. (Nor is there more than passing satisfaction to be gained from noting that *The Nation* was one of the very few journals on the democratic Left which did not accept most of the administration's rationales.) The reasons behind the behavior of the press in this situation are, I think, what make this excursion into recent history important.

It seemed to be the case, in early coverage of the war, that the press relied largely upon the administration for information. This does not mean that the sole function of the papers was to pass along the administration's handouts. On the *Times*, for example, some of the best-known reporters were filing stories from Indochina; James Reston, Clifton Daniel, William White, Elie Abel and Hanson Baldwin were among them. And, when presenting each new development of Indochinese policy, these competent newsmen frequently tried to examine the implications for future United States foreign relations and for the outcome of the struggle itself. Hanson Baldwin noted early that the war was going badly; others pointed out dissensions within the administration as to what an effective policy should be. Nevertheless, the press mirrored the underlying administration perceptions of the struggle.

In part, this happened because foreign policy is an area in which, inevitably, official sources initiate a great deal of the news. Reporters get the bulk of their information from State and Defense Department handouts, from press briefings, informal meetings with administration officials, and the like. For example, the *Post*'s coverage of the Indochinese war in a not untypical week (March 24-29, 1953) indicated key sources with such phrases as: "General Mark Clark said . . ."; "Premier René Mayer predicted . . ."; "President Eisenhower assured . . ."; "France and the United States warned. . . ." These authorities are placed in perspective by interviews with sources who may have contrary opinions, but the official voice is still the dominant one. As Richard Harwood of *The Washington Post* recalls, ". . . through the 1950s, when editorial positions were being staked out and attitudes were being formed, *The Washington Post* had no correspondent in Vietnam, or hardly anywhere else for that matter. So we became heavily dependent on the administration for whatever information and assumptions we acquired."

Second, the pressure of day-to-day news coverage leaves little time for extensive background articles about a current situation. If the story is "hot," newsmen are pressed to keep up with current developments; if the story is "cold," few are interested in background details. The *Post* and the *Times* did make occasional attempts to provide the reader with information broader than what had occurred in the previous week or month, but these "backgrounders" were usually brief historical reviews rather than serious considerations of U.S. goals in Asia or the long-term odds for success in Vietnam.

Third, any serious challenge to administration assumptions would most likely have had to be based on sources completely outside the government. This situation was common to most cold-war foreign policy: its premises, at least in the 1950s, seemed to be accepted by almost

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everyone holding an official position. And even if someone within the Congress, for example, had wished to challenge the administration's position on Indochina, the domestic political pressures of the time might have raised a formidable ideological barrier to sponsoring a divergent view. That is, it might have been risky to proclaim too loudly Ho's nationalist appeal without immediately deploring his status as a puppet of Moscow or Peking. McCarthyism created in the 1950s a climate that encouraged almost everyone to see communism in the prescribed way. Aside from that, Congressmen and other politically important persons were as dependent upon the administration for information as was the press. (The Gulf of Tonkin incident and the Senate resolution it produced are examples of this phenomenon from later years.) Thus the disposition to challenge the administration's assumptions about the war were limited, and dissenters such as Wayne Morse were isolated, and after a time, not very newsworthy.

The fourth reason for the quality and tone of press coverage in the early stages of the war was perhaps the most important. Indochina was a very complex situation about which the press, as well as the administration, had little first-hand information. Issues of communism and anti-communism, colonialism and anti-colonialism, questions of the strategic and economic importance of the Indochinese states, concern over the degree to which the Vietminh were dominated by external Russian and/or Chinese forces, and questions about the relationship of this struggle to European defense and relations with our most powerful Allies all entered into considerations of this far-off war. The administration chose to put the Indochinese situation into the relatively simplistic mold of a struggle between good and evil, and others were glad enough to accept it. It fitted neatly into the overall post-war foreign-policy assumptions held by most politically aware Americans.

Editors in Washington or even reporters in Asia could discount signs somehow suggesting that U.S. policy was not working. After all, bleak news coming from the battlefield or the Saigon political scene could be offset by word of greater U.S. aid, new talks between France and Indochinese leaders about greater autonomy, new progress in Vietnamizing the French-led Indochinese army. There were no network evening news broadcasts to pound home night after night on television that the policy and the war were not going as promised. In the 1950s, illumination was spasmodic and more easily overlooked.

Thus the failure of the press to challenge administration assumptions about the war was due in part to the day-to-day demands of journalism; in part to the prevailing political climate; and in part to more complex kinds of human behavior, such as the tendency to ignore facts that do not fit existing notions about how things "should be."

One cannot, of course, attribute to the press sole responsibility for either administration policy in Indochina or the relatively recent rise of dissent against that policy. In fact, it seems clear from a comparison of early and recent U.S. involvement in the war that other organized non-administration groups, such as the various and variegated protest movements, were often crucial to stimulating a more searching kind of press coverage of a particular situation. Yet, it can be seen that the press did play a pivotal role in developing and sustaining public acceptance of the administration's views. And by itself accepting administration assumptions the press increased the probability that others within the political system would view the situation in that light. □

MICRONESIA

STAGING AREA IMPERIALISM

STEPHEN CONNOLLY and PETER SHAPIRO
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"I want every wave in the Pacific to be an American wave," former Secretary of State Dean Rusk was once quoted as saying. Rusk might well have had Micronesia in mind. Spread out over an expanse of the western Pacific larger in area than the continental United States, this group of tiny islands has, in the last 100 years, been occupied by a succession of colonial powers—Spain, Germany and later Japan; after World War II another expanding empire, the United States, stepped into the void left by the defeated Japanese. All but oblivious to the existence of Micronesia, many Americans will recognize the names of specific islands within the group. World War II veterans remember Saipan, Kwajalein and Peleliu; for the nuclear generation, Bikini and Eniwetok come immediately to mind. And Americans who have never heard of the geographical entity to which these specks in the Pacific belong should go back to their school maps, for the Nixon Administration is turning the area into a military arsenal and training center for its Project AGILE Pacific Defense System.

Micronesia became an American "protectorate" in 1947, under a unique arrangement of the United Nations Trusteeship Council which invested the United States with full responsibility for the islands' economic, social and political development, full authority over their internal affairs, and permission to build military installations, conduct nuclear explosions, and generally use them as a buffer against powers in the Far East which long ago ceased to be hostile. Technically, the arrangement was provisional, it being assumed that eventually the Micronesians would be "ready for self-government." Their murky political status as a U.S. "trust" was underlined

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when Washington, anxious to avoid a colonial blemish, handed the job of administering the territory over to the Department of the Interior—which, for its part, followed a policy of "benign neglect" reminiscent of the behavior of its Bureau of Indian Affairs. Before 1964, the trusteeship proceeded on a shoestring budget that never exceeded $7 million, half of which went to pay the salaries of Interior Department personnel. The Defense Department's Micronesia budget for nuclear tests alone exceeded the combined State Department and Interior Department budgets by more than $1 million; not surprisingly, the DOD wound up making most of the important administrative decisions—including the forced evacuation of residents in the Marshall Islands group to make way for a series of thermonuclear explosions which nonetheless exposed the islanders to perilous levels of radiation and contaminated most of their food supply. "Social and economic development" remained almost moribund as the territorial administration, fearful of "outside influences" that might undermine U.S. control, enforced a near-total quarantine on foreign trade. At least one Micronesian died and many others were disabled by live bombs which the United States never bothered to remove after World War II.

By 1964 this blatant mismanagement succeeded in provoking a Trusteeship Council investigation, the upshot of which was a resolve by the investigators to come back again in three years to determine what changes, if any, had been made. The prospect that the United States might be stripped of its trusteeship if conditions on the islands did not significantly improve could not be taken lightly, particularly because of secondary effects stemming from recent escalation of the war in Vietnam. The Japanese leftists had responded to that development by stepping up their attacks on the Japanese-American Mutual Security Pact, which in 1960 had been extended for ten years. Fearing that the pact might not survive beyond 1970, United States policy makers were even more apprehensive lest sizable U.S. investments inside Japan be threatened by rising political instability there. To appease the Japanese, Washington began giving serious consideration to the idea of abandoning its base on Okinawa, itself the scene of growing anti-American demonstrations. What was needed was a site of comparable strategic value to which the Okinawa operation could be transferred. Thailand and South Korea were too close to enemy territory; the political situation in the Philippines was already too volatile. Micronesia was another story. Not only was it out of reach of Chinese and Soviet medium-range missiles; but if the United States could maintain the kind of control over the islands' internal affairs that it had once enjoyed, the political results of operating a military outpost there could be held to a minimum.

The impending U.N. investigation posed an immediate and irritating stumbling block to these designs. President Johnson and his advisers were well aware of the need to engage in some housecleaning in Micronesia before the investigators arrived; at the same time, they knew that if the Micronesian people could be prevailed upon to enter into a *voluntary* association with the United States, all U.N. authority in the matter would end. In 1966, without waiting for the customary invitation from the host nation, Mr. Johnson dispatched a contingent of Peace Corps volunteers to the islands, hoping simultaneously to mollify the U.N. and to persuade the natives that a permanent "free association" with the United States really was in their best interests. Most of the volunteers promptly busied themselves with land management, teaching (usually English or American history) and "community development."

The Peace Corps group also included sixteen young lawyers who were supposed to acquaint the Micronesians with the advantages of Yankee jurisprudence. Instead, the lawyers embarked on an ambitious program to repair some of the damage wrought by the trusteeship, helping the Micronesians reclaim precious parcels of land which had been commandeered by Uncle Sam. Learning that some 60 to 70 per cent of Micronesia was being held as "public lands" by the United States, they began assisting Micronesian Congressional district leaders to file land claims against the United States and advising them on how to draft tighter land reclamation legislation. Before they got far, their work was interrupted by the arrival of a contingent of admirals, generals and Defense Department officials headed by Gen. Lewis Walt (USMC). Walt, who was on his way home from Vietnam, wanted to scout out the islands of Babelthuap and Peleliu in the Palau district as possible U.S. Marine counterinsurgency training bases. He liked what he saw. "Palau's proximity to Vietnam made its swamps greener," he told newsmen later. "It's 500 miles from the Philippines, 1,000 miles from Australia, and there are hundreds of islands around for amphibious maneuvers. . . . It might be just what we want." When the Micronesians balked at his demand that they "sell" him the real estate he had in mind, Walt pressured the Defense Department into phasing out the Peace Corps lawyers' project. Meanwhile, the U.S. High Commissioner in Micronesia, William Norwood, vetoed all land reclamation bills passed by the Micronesian Congress.

When the Micronesian legislators protested the veto, the Department of the Interior sent industrialist Edgar Kaiser, Jr., to Saipan to calm the waters. Kaiser told the legislators that the U.S. Government was only trying to help Micronesia develop its economy. "The two basic economic growth possibilities," he explained patiently, "are tourism and the military. . . . If guidelines are given for the military to follow I see it not as a detriment but as an asset." Micronesians were, of course, well acquainted with the military's benign presence. Ever since 1946, when Secretary of Defense James Forrestal referred to Micronesia's vital potential as a "mutually supporting base network," the islands have figured prominently in American strategies of global warfare. The Defense Department began constructing naval and air force facilities in Guam around the time of Forrestal's statement; three years later the CIA built a $28 million "counter-guerrilla training center" on Saipan; it served, until 1962, as a home base for Chinese Nationalists before they were "dropped into mainland China." During the 1950s, the Defense Department set up its Western Pacific Testing Center in eastern Micronesia, exploding its H-bombs on Bikini and Eniwetok atolls.

When Kennedy became President he pushed forward a multibillion dollar Nike-Zeus anti-missile missile program. What the South Atlantic's Ascension Island was to Cape Canaveral, the Marshall Islands became to California's

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Vandenberg Air Force Base—both functioned as interceptor sites for multi-warhead trajectories fired from the North American continent. Millions of dollars were required to turn Kwajalein Atoll into what was, at the time, the best equipped missile facility in the American nuclear armory. Its low-lying sandy beaches were turned into a vast complex of electronic and technical superlatives; surrounding atolls bristled with radar antennae, telemetry equipment, communications and missile facilities.

The most shocking thing about the Pentagon's use of Kwajalein was the fact that the Navy's high-powered missile acquisition radar, used in tracking intercontinental ballistic missiles fired from Vandenberg, emanated lethal radiation throughout the area; needless to say, elaborate safety precautions for Navy personnel were not extended to the luckless Marshall Islanders. Today the Nike-Zeus system has been made obsolete by a more sophisticated nuclear gadget—the Nike-X defensive missile system (ABM). Kwajalein, now the site of a $165 million Missile Site Radar system (MSR) that serves as a seeing eye for ABM's Spartan and Sprint defense missiles, participates in more than 15,000 operations a year.

It is only recently, however, with the escalating war in Indochina, the rising tide of anti-American sentiment and political unrest in Japan, Okinawa and the Philippines, and the emergence of a cohesive Pacific Rim strategy for the American empire, that Micronesia has come into its own as a military bastion and "staging area" for conventional as well as nuclear warfare. Since General Walt's initial visit, a coterie of U.S. observers, including former Secretary of the Interior Walter Hickel, has returned to the islands to survey the possibility of restoring the long-abandoned U.S. base on Tinian, which was, during the war, the most powerful military air installation in the Pacific. Its facilities include four B-29 bomber fields, four fighter strips, and huge, rusting docks which once accommodated the Navy's Pacific fleet. Three miles away, on the island of Saipan, Hickel and his cohorts inspected the former CIA installation with a thought to converting it into a $600,000 "Civic Action and Public Safety Center."

The list could go on. At a cost of about $100 million apiece, the Air Force is currently planning B-52, F-B1-11, B-1A, and the new Lockheed C-5 bomber bases throughout Micronesia. The Navy continues to maintain Polaris and Poseidon nuclear submarine bases on Guam and Kwajalein. Ponape and Palau are the sites of Navy and Coast Guard communications relay networks for the Far East. Along with Tinian Island, Saipan is considered a "military retention area" which the armed forces have *carte blanche* to take over whenever the DOD deems it necessary. Guam, of course, serves as a takeoff point and fueling station for B-52s conducting their daily bombing raids over Indochina. And while it has not yet come to pass, Micronesia is strategically located for the possible emplacement of an ICBM "Safe-Guard" missile system which would outflank, offensively, both the Soviet Union's present system and any new system that might be developed on mainland China.

With the military buildup in the islands thus beginning in earnest, more permanent mechanisms of control are needed than those proffered by shaky U.N. mandates and shakier attempts to extend the welfare state to the Pacific tropics. Under the Nixon Administration, nonmilitary appropriations in Micronesia have been increased sevenfold and U.S. commodities have begun pouring into the area. For years the only major outside business enterprise permitted by the U.S. High Commissioner was Van Camp's tuna fishing operation off the coast of Saipan; now, Air Continental and the Bank of America have been awarded exclusive franchises to move in and set up their concession stands.

Whether or not Micronesia's 100,000-odd inhabitants constitute enough of a market to satisfy the voracious appetites of these corporate juggernauts is not the point: by helping secure American hegemony in the area, the corporations are protecting an investment which extends far beyond the islands themselves—to Japan, Indonesia, the Philippines, Thailand, Australia, New Zealand and elsewhere in the Far East, where literally billions of dollars in profits and potential profits are at stake. The military, comments one bitter Peace Corps veteran, "has airlifted almost the entire American dream" to Micronesia, including "big cars, television, Dairy Queens, and third-rate rock music." Meanwhile, government officials, businessmen and academia-spawned "Micronesia experts" ponder how best to break down existing social and cultural patterns sufficiently to remake the Micronesians into proper exemplars of Economic Man. Writing in *Foreign Affairs*, Philip Quigg cites the Micronesian extended family system as a major "obstacle to development" and observes that its ethos that "wealth must be shared and any have-not is entitled to cadge on a relative who has . . . does not encourage individual initiative or the accumulation of capital."

One need not invoke the romantic cliché about the relative superiority of "primitive" cultures to grasp fully the destructive effects of this kind of American penetration. Whether the Micronesian economy promises to be better off, now that the massive influx of American capital has begun, than it was during the first twenty years of the trusteeship is debatable at best. In May 1970, a U.N. mission returned from a fact-finding tour with the conclusion that in many respects the situation in the islands had begun to deteriorate: "Agriculture is stagnant and seems to be threatened by the movement of population to the towns; the adverse trade balance is increasing, and, apparently, some pressure is beginning to be felt on prices." Pre-World War II Japanese colonization was brutal enough, but at least it sought to create an integrated socio-economic system in the islands. U.S. plans for "development," held in abeyance by more than twenty years of calculated indifference, now offer the Micronesians a

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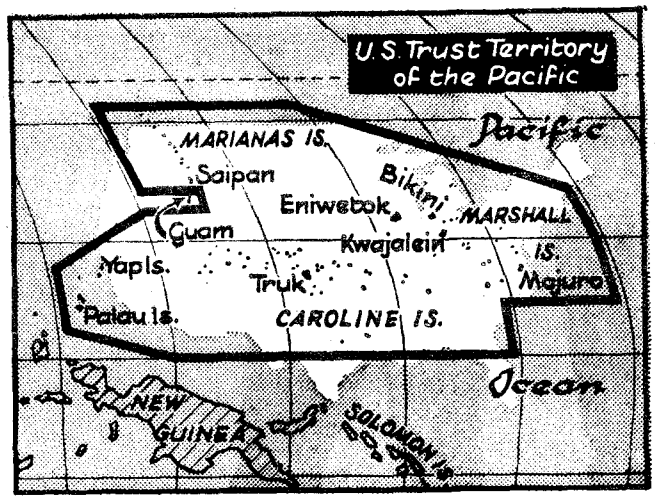

New York Times

papier-mâché economy monopolized by the tourist trade and totally dependent on the continued presence of the military—in short, a company town.

The obvious presumption is that economic subjugation will beget political subjugation, securing the coveted vote for "free association" that will take the U.N. out of the picture and bring Micronesia into the American military orbit once and for all. The Micronesians, however, have been surprisingly recalcitrant. A core of them, many of whom were educated under U.S. auspices at the University of Hawaii with an eye to developing a neocolonial type of native administrators, have organized opposition to American political domination and succeeded in knocking down plans for a carefully rigged "plebiscite," to be held in 1971 or 1972. A U.S. offer for commonwealth status *à la* Puerto Rico was flatly rejected by the Micronesian Congress, which then suggested political autonomy and continued American economic aid in return for base rights—with the stipulation that either party could back out and sever all connections with the other whenever it saw fit. The last provision, needless to say, is one the United States is scarcely ready to accept, but the terms of the trusteeship leave it well within the Micronesians' range of legal options, and if the islanders are prevented by their geographic isolation from backing up their position with indigenous resistance, they can take the matter to the U.N., placing the United States in an extremely uncomfortable position. To stave off such public embarrassment and charges of outright imperialism, President Nixon recently dispatched the Asia Foundation's Franklin Haydn Williams to the islands to pacify the natives and reconcile them to the balder statement of former Secretary Hickel that the United States is "simply not going to give up Micronesia."

Whatever the outcome of the dispute over the islands' political future, Washington has been proceeding as if continued American presence were virtually assured. Guam has lately become a repository for lethal nerve gas which nobody else will have: removed from Okinawa at the insistence of the local citizenry, the gas was on its way to a secret storage place in Oregon or Washington when word got out and there was another hue and cry, this time from U.S. taxpayers. The gas ended up in Micronesia, where the populace enjoys fewer opportunities to air its grievances with the armed forces. Nor was this the islanders' first contact with chemical-biological weaponry. In August of 1969 the Palauan newspaper *Didil-a-Chai* reported that a CBW testing center was already in operation on one of the Kwajalein atolls.

A look at the present U.S. defense budget makes the future of the islands appear even bleaker. On March 21, 1970, *Armed Forces Journal* reported that the DOD had been refused appropriations for any additional military family housing units in the Philippines or Japan, even as a similar appropriation was being approved for the Navy to construct new housing units on Guam and the northern Marianas. Supplementing the cancellation of all housing appropriations for American bases in Japan was a decision by the Senate to place a freeze on all further military construction requests on Okinawa, pending clarification by the Japanese of the future U.S. base rights there. More recent issues of the *Journal* report that the Defense Department will receive in excess of $2 billion for Pacific base construction in fiscal 1971-72, leading one to wonder exactly where all this money will be spent. According to Sabo Ulechong, who edited *Didil-a-Chai* until it was suppressed by the U.S. High Commissioner, there is on Ngerchelong atoll a "top secret military installation [which] has been in operation for nearly a year and half . . . no one actually knows what kind of military project is being conducted." All that is known, according to Ulechong, is that "there are a lot of Green Beret types out there."

Why is Nixon so intent on securing another "trigger in the Pacific"? The most immediate and pressing reasons involve the political situations in Japan and the Philippines. In both countries, there has been a growing resentment at the continued maintenance of major U.S. bases at Luzon and Okinawa. A visit by Vice President Agnew in the spring of 1970 touched off a wave of rioting in the Philippines, where there is already an active guerrilla movement, and there have been repeated demonstrations against the U.S. military in both Okinawa and Japan. Obviously, there is no point in exacerbating the situation by holding onto the disputed bases when other options can be made available. If the situation is more volatile in the Philippines, the repercussions of any serious turmoil in Japan would be far more devastating, owing in part to the impressive amounts of capital which U.S. corporations have invested there. Beyond that, however, Japan figures prominently in the unfolding Pacific Rim strategy—what President Nixon refers to as the "Asian drama of the seventies."

Here, perhaps, a brief scenario is in order. Nixon envisions the emergence of America's Far Eastern allies, particularly Japan, into the front lines should future Vietnams occur, thereby allowing the United States to withdraw into a "supportive" capacity. Militarily, says Nixon, Japan "will play an increasing role, as befits its commanding position as a world economic power." The Japanese have a dual part to play in Nixon's little drama: as a major business partner of the United States, they will serve as an example to other Asian countries which may have doubts about the wisdom of playing ball with U.S. corporations; at the same time, they will be expected to provide the backbone for the new, U.S.-sponsored

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Asian Defense Organization. By combining the armed forces of Japan, South Korea, the Philippines, India, South Vietnam, Cambodia, Indonesia, Australia, New Zealand, Thailand and Nationalist China, the United States will have an impressive array of military might at its disposal should any future national liberation movements get out of hand in the Far East as they have in Indochina.

If Nixon's strategy succeeds, the United States can be expected to pull back large numbers of conventional military forces from the Far East, leaving in their place a handful of Green Berets and other "special advisers" to supervise the police activities of its allied armies. Even if the U.S. had to continue subsidizing those activities, as in South Vietnam, Cambodia, Laos and Thailand, it would still be cheaper than having U.S. troops do the job themselves. Further financial benefits can be reaped from the sale of new and used American military equipment to allied armies through excess stock sales programs, the best feature of which is the continued dependency of the customer on the United States for repairs, replacements, spare parts, etc. Then, too, there are political dividends. While making the United States less susceptible to charges of imperialism from the rest of the world, Nixon could cut down on criticism of foreign military entanglements at home.

What Washington hopes to accomplish in Micronesia is a network of bases which would keep the United States within a stone's throw of every potential trouble spot in the Far East. Rioters in Manila or Djakarta could be brought under control by Asian nationals trained in police techniques by FBI agents, Green Berets, Secret Service men and U.S. law-enforcement officers at the Public Safety Center in Saipan. At the counterinsurgency training center on Palau, Asian military officers and noncoms could become versed in the well-tested techniques of combating rural-based guerrilla movements. Other bases could be used to test new weaponry especially adapted to the conditions of guerrilla warfare in the Far East. In short, Micronesia will be used as a safety valve in the event that any of our present Asian allies should fall into the Socialist bloc or develop a sudden lack of affinity for America's imperial designs along the Pacific Rim. While lessening the chances that American investments in any Far Eastern nations will be jeopardized by political instability, the facilities of the area will insure that, should such a disaster befall us in any one country, American commercial and military access to the rest of Asia will not be automatically cut off.

History and geography have cast the peoples of Micronesia in an exploited and humiliating role and for the moment neither history nor geography appears particularly willing to release them from it. It remains to be seen whether the islanders will be able to maintain their national integrity or whether they will be unable to withstand the time-honored tactics of massive economic and military penetration. But history has a way of creating its own alternatives; here, we can do no better than quote the Tunisian nationalist, Albert Memmi: "A day necessarily comes," he wrote, "when the colonized lifts his head and topples the always unstable equilibrium of colonization." □

WOMEN'S MAGAZINES

CASHING IN ON FEAR & FANTASY

KAREN FISHER
Miss Fisher is a writer for documentary and educational films.

Much nervous attention is being given to what women are writing these days—not as literary achievements but as samples of their psycho-political nature and sneak previews of their power. It is a little disturbing that men may generalize about the entire sex after reading a few highly publicized books, but we should most certainly prefer that they draw their conclusions from those sources than from that embarrassing literature of the milieu—the women's magazines.

How about what women are *reading*? These monthly publications provide insights that the more incisive self-analyses do not, for they purportedly recycle the thinking of women who rely upon them for opinions which they do not realize they have, as consumers, already expressed. Judging by the millions of subscribers attributed to such publications as *Ladies' Home Journal* ("The Magazine Women Believe In") and *McCall's* ("The First Women's Magazine"), this is a base operation of mass training for the feminine role that so frustrates those women who have been intellectually liberated but remain socially repressed. The influence of this medium is underestimated because we tend to associate it with the ladies who observe life from under the hair driers in beauty salons and are thus safely removed from the "front." Complaints in the readers' column are few, and those few of minor concern. Example: "In my opinion, Margaret Mead should not be given so much publicity" (*McCall's*, August). To suggest, as others have, that letters to the editors are indeed edited, and that criticism is repressed, would be a paranoiac digression. What is more suspicious is the evidence that editors seem not to know just what it is that women want, but they'll provide it nonetheless.

Germaine Greer has made the point that women's magazines perpetuate a myth of impossible romance. I would go so far as to say that, until recently, we have been guilty of choosing for ourselves magazines that reflect our own romantic expectations of ourselves. Casually left on a coffee table, such tokens of our personalities could project auras, achieve desired effects. If it was *Harper's Bazaar*, one might expect the hostess to appear wearing a white wool pantsuit, drinking her coffee black. If it was *Better Homes & Gardens*, she was out in back potting geraniums. *House*

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Beautiful we'd find displayed near the new sofa, and dusted along with the Steuben glass. The *Ladies' Home Journal* made a woman seem friendlier than *Vogue,* in exalting the girl next door; *Good Housekeeping* showed a woman on the job; *McCall's* readers appeared concerned about issues, like abortion and divorce, while *Redbook* was simply a storybook for ladies whose husbands were out of town.

Things have changed. The pretty picture books have been struggling for survival by shrinking their formats and by experimenting with various qualities of paper. They have also been adding and subtracting feature columns according to the temper of the times. The old standbys would be declared obsolete if they did not disguise themselves in topical terms. Bruno Bettelheim has upstaged Dr. Spock; Amy Vanderbilt writes less on wedding etiquette and more about the propriety of the pantsuit. Dorothy Rodgers and daughter are giving advice from both sides of the generation gap.

This dualism reflects change, of course, but it also reflects a loss of absolutes for the female role, responding to the demand that we establish our own "identity." Tragically, not every woman reader knows what her "identity" is; therefore she pursues life vicariously through experiences contributed by European princesses, Presidents' wives, and those personalities she has already let into her life via television. These are her intimates and her guides, their testimonial serving as truths applicable in some vague way to her own bourgeois life. As a result, we have covertly established between the familiar face of Sophia Loren and the blonde hair of Breck a little something for everyone endorsed by someone—ambiguous and useless pap.

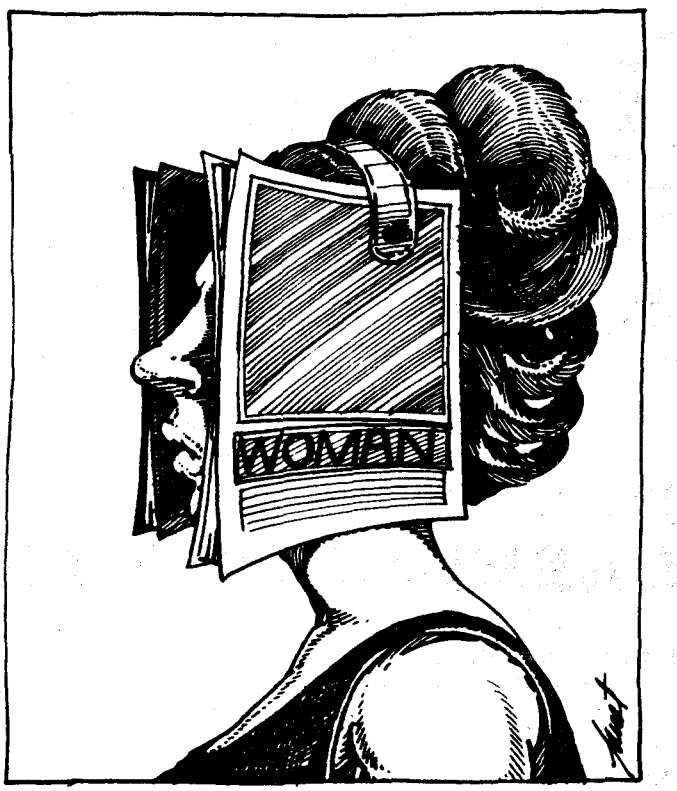
The July *Journal*'s cover enticements illustrate how current infatuations can be used to reinforce the *status quo*: "Rose Kennedy's Inspiring Life Story Told for the First Time"; "Psychiatrist's Wife's Guide to Happier Housekeeping"; and "Martha Mitchell Calling." Success comes to those who put family first, to the woman *behind* the man.

Inside there is the proper 1971 nostalgia for old-fashioned faces, and for old-fashioned virtues as well. "Can This Marriage Be Saved?" is still being asked. Laraine Day defines "The America We Love" which, though fashionably ecological, is basically a restatement of heritage and promise. Truman Capote, that darling of culturally sensitive, menopausal wives, is shown with his collection of antique paperweights. And not to be overlooked is one unobtrusive invention, a column for working women, suggesting sly ways to get ahead on the job.

An ardent feminist shouldn't be too greatly outraged by the August *McCall's.* Provided she can overlook the horoscope and an article on varicose veins, she will admire the new 8-page section called a *newsletter*, informing readers of woman's progress in transcending the curse of the womb. Also offered are Betty Friedan's notebook and Erma Bombeck's "Revenge." The heroines-of-the-month are a lady correspondent in Vietnam and Helena Rubinstein, affectionately portrayed (by a man) as an indomitable dynamo.

Most advertisers, apparently whistling in the dark, continue to trust in female self-enslavement: "Want him to be more of a man? Try being more of a woman" (perfume), and "One more pleasure you can give him" (also perfume). There is the usual run of commercial campaigns against odors and household germs, pages of bust-building bargains, and—what's this? An ad for Bacardi Rum? Sure enough, just a hint of that long way baby's come.

"Baby" has her own magazine. Other than strictly high-fashion "catalogues," *Cosmopolitan* is the only major publication for women that sells a specific image. Counterpart to *Playboy,* it caters to career girls and their sexual development (not necessarily "romantic"). Helen Gurley Brown is to be admired for her trail-blazing declaration that sex is of interest to women, but we must concede that she is cashing in on our fantasies in the same way as do the less "sophisticated" ladies' magazines. The glamorous career girl is as much of a myth as the perfect homemaker. Her frustrations are obvious in the July table of contents: "A Deprived Lady's Lament"; "The Magical Mystical Power of Touch and How It Can Get You Everything";



"Miraculous Little Exercises to Improve Your Lovemaking."

Titles are not always representative, however. Those miraculous lovemaking exercises turn out to be mental. One borders on sheer voyeurism, that epidemic perversion fed by "adult theatres" and "how-to" books. It is to imagine oneself watching oneself in the act of coition, thus doubling the pleasure one normally gets. Another, in the manner of meditation art, promises "magnificent orgasm" after hours of sitting cross-legged for "slow, easy lovemaking." How?

There is no retrieveable humor, however, in the article entitled "My Father Was Having an Affair." It does not describe what one would expect—a young girl's disappointment on perceiving her idol as an errant human being—but instead a classic case of father-fixation. The girl is admittedly jealous, and failing in attempts to win her father

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back by simulating the intruder's brand of glamour, she drives herself to the brink of suicide. His attention finally secured, the penitent parent whisks her off to Nassau for a rest where, she observes with some pleasure, they are mistaken for illicit lovers in their adjoining rooms.

I am not one to quibble over honest admissions of deep feelings, but even *True Confessions* demands that story characters "see the light" in the end. The objection, then, is that there is no reconciliation with reality in a narrative of this type. It leaves everything where it began, in the imagination, to be warmed over and wished for on lonely nights in New York. It is strictly masturbatory, like the piece on "Touch" which begins: "I'd like to hold your hand (or at least shake it) before you read this article. The handshake would establish a warm physical contact between us." It is secondhand, plastic, a cheat.

Magazines preying on fantasies are equaled in contemptibility by those preying on fears. How often must we be intimidated as we stand in line at the supermarket: "Are You Hurting Your Daughter?" or "Is Your Child in the Wrong Grade?" It is a rare month that *Family Circle* or *Woman's Day* doesn't add to our insecurity by magnifying petty annoyances ("The Secret Reason Men Watch Football on TV") or by reminding us of our shortcomings ("Give Yourself a New Face"). Despite a tone of concern, most articles treat the problems they raise superficially and in the same old jargonese. A human relations expert warns that we should let our anger out. A humorist opines that the "communications gap" comes from not listening. Princess Grace shares the truth that she too suffered an "identity crisis" in marriage. We are advised by health experts to bathe away the "blahs."

The birth control controversy has provided the best fuel for hypochondria, but numerous articles are written also on youth treatments, cancer scares, and even rules for the prevention of husbands' heart attacks. Paranoia feeds on statistical authority: "Protect Your Family from Food Poisoning," "Avoid the Auto Repair Gyps," Is the Movie O.K. for the Kids?" Future failure is suggested in such gems as "How a Mother Affects Her Unborn Baby," "How to Raise Your Son to Be a Man."

Another burden placed upon women who take their reading matter seriously is that of being *creative*. If a woman simply can't embroider her state flower on linen napkins, knit an evening gown, or macramé a room divider, she can at least participate in a wave of popular art such as occurred a few years ago with *découpage*. Magazine cutouts, pine boards, glue and shellac were the basic materials required. The creative act was in applying some "mystery ingredient" to give the finished product an antiqued look. One woman held out for months before admitting she rubbed cinnamon on hers. When everyone interested was saturated with wall plaques, we were told how to transform wastebaskets, wooden trays, coffee tables and trunks. The novelty then wasn't in the look as much as the location.

One is urged on all sides to papier-mâché flowerpots, glue soybeans on plywood, stack glass jars for candlesticks, cover a wall with foil. Whether this emphasis on kitchen crafts appeals to housewives' budget-mindedness or the fact that they are burdened with leisure is hard to tell, but for one reason or another, we have been made aware of the decorative potential of every kind of disposal container, from bleach bottle to beer can. A whole section of *Family Circle* has been called "How to Create Decorative Art Out of Most Anything." Even Mary Tyler Moore wears macaroni love beads, and if that's too complicated, you can mail in the coupon for the latest homecraft kit.

It is possible that the idea of doing things for ourselves is a good one, inasmuch as it encourages inventiveness as an ideal, and removes the stigma from things "homemade." On the other hand, not every woman can succeed as an artist, even with step-by-step directions right in her hand, and we should be spared having to praise masterpieces that are aesthetically appalling.

"Cleverness" as a feminine attribute seems to have been extended to include the art of thrift. Some women consider it a coup to have paneled a wall with old orange crates. Others feel extravagant for having had to rely on the stores. If the truth were known, ideas that originate around the house are likely to exceed in cost those same items "ready-made." An article called " 'Dollarless' Decorating" suggests covering the walls with queen-size sheets. "Beautiful Furniture from Junk File Cabinets" means for most of us having to go to an office liquidator's store, and even there they are hard to get. "Old furniture" often means "antique," and unless we engage in a neighborly scavenger hunt, we are going to have to rely on a dealer. The same thing applies to aluminum foil, cardboard roll inserts, fancy food jars, lunch boxes, yarn and all those other little leftovers we have supposedly stored in a corner for a rainy day when we don't know what to do with ourselves but *create*.

Even more disappointing is the shock of finding out that "your very own" creation has been commercially duplicated on a mass scale (and by men).

The same could be said about food. Lately there has been a revival of canning. Real mothers beam out in sepia photographs over full-color preserves. Suppose we have decided to "put up" some dills. First we find we need to buy the jars, for those of our grandmothers disappeared in the trash when the veteran homemakers went into retirement colonies. Anyone lucky enough to have found mason quarts in her basement is likely to be using them decoratively to flaunt split peas. A set of twelve, new, costs $3 or $4. Second, assuming we don't grow our own, we must buy the "cukes." Right now they are about 10¢ apiece in the markets. That means each jar will cost us at least 65¢, hardly a saving when one considers the time.

Not all recommended meal preparations have that "down-home" touch. It is striking how many prize-winning recipes start with prepared and packaged food. A favorite cake comes from a mix, adding jello, frozen juice, four eggs and some oil. The cost: $1.05, un-iced. Heat-and-serve sausages are layered with canned creamed onions in frozen ready-to-bake shells. Packaged soup mixes combine with precooked rice for last-minute, large-group entrees.

Shortage of time seems to be the excuse for keeping quick-cooking items on hand. Yet there remains a contradiction: are all of these women rushing home from their jobs to their hungry families? Or are they out in their carports making end tables from old filing cabinets? If

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they are working, do they read *Woman's Day*? If they are saving money by building their own furniture, will they stock up on costly convenience foods?

This illustrates the editor's confusion about just who his audience is. It may even be a giant hoax perpetrated by the creative genii behind products and their ads. Ironically, woman's greatest power lies in her role as a consumer—a role so automatic to her that its impact is overlooked. A boycott is one of the fastest and most effective ways to bring about change. But as long as our heroines are telling us how good it is to be a woman, as long as our fear of failure gnaws at us in bold print, as long as we are provided with easy instructions on how to improve our performance, we gratefully glide through our supermarket paradise, worshipping shortcuts and innovations, matching our purchases to the coupons cut from page R-3. When our carts are full, and we shift from one foot to another in line, our fond gaze falls upon that indispensable monthly aid—the next issue of our woman's magazine, complete with buyer's guide. □

CHEMICAL/BIOLOGICAL WARFARE

The Budget Gives the Game Away

ARTHUR KANEGIS & LINDSAY RICHARDS

Mr. Kanegis and Mrs. Richards conduct continuing research on weapons development for NARMIC (National Action and Research on the Military-Industrial Complex), a project of the American Friends Service Committee.

The United States Army is doubling its budget request for chemical and biological weapons procurement. The figure increases from $25.3 million in fiscal year 1971 to $50.8 million in fiscal year 1972. This astonishing fact quietly emerges from the more than 4,000 pages of hearings released by the Senate Armed Services Committee on the current military budget requests.

For almost two years now the public has been treated to periodic White House and Pentagon press releases that repeat the boast made by President Nixon in November of 1969: the United States is renouncing *first* use of lethal chemical weapons and *all* use of biological warfare agents. One of the latest of these releases was a July 13th army announcement that it was beginning a projected yearlong destruction of stockpiled germ warfare agents.

These Administration announcements, coupled with the widely publicized and controversial dumping of obsolete nerve gas, have given the public the impression that the entire U.S. program of chemical and biological warfare (CBW) is being abandoned. Meanwhile, military contractors are being assured in private that CBW work will continue—even expand—and that the cutbacks involve only a tiny part of the overall program.

A prominent firm engaged in defense market analysis has reported that CBW research continues "at funding levels equal to or exceeding those prior to the 'public relations' announcements of cessation of these efforts." "Market Intelligence Report," a bulletin of limited circulation published by DMS, a subsidiary of McGraw-Hill, states flatly: "Despite public announcements to the contrary, the military agencies are not discontinuing chemical and biological warfare research!" (Exclamation mark in DMS report.)

DMS, formerly known as Defense Marketing Survey, is a private consulting firm that serves the defense industry. By carefully analyzing nonclassified information, such firms can piece together descriptions of U.S. defense plans, some of which are considered highly secret. According to their corporate customers, who pay thousands of dollars a year for the complete service, DMS reports are thoroughly reliable. DMS's April 1971 report on Chemical, Biological and Radiological Warfare (CBR) continues:

> Though ostensibly on the way "out" of the military weapons arsenal, CBR (chemical, biological, radiological warfare) is merely being conducted in a different environment and, wherever possible, with less public attention. It remains a technology in which there is considerable interest and money. . . . The relatively small research contracts that come from this CBR research program can lead to follow-on production work that averages $12 to $15 million per year in most conservative evaluations. The field is difficult to crack, but there are opportunities for the chemically competent technical organization, either in the industrial or academic communities.

In an even more recent, August 1971, CBR report to ordnance manufacturers, DMS provides this assessment:

> Even though the Nixon Administration has pledged to eliminate and reduce CBR procurement programs, FY72's Procurement of Equipment and Missiles, Army (PEMA) request for CBR has actually more than doubled. . . .

Most of the increase is to replace supplies used in Vietnam. The breakdown of this procurement budget shows a doubling of the purchase of white phosphorus incendiary rounds, euphemistically termed "smoke munitions." However, Veterans of Vietnam report that "Willie Peter," as they term it, is widely used as an anti-personnel munition. The budget includes a tripling in the procurement of "riot control agents." These encompass such weapons as the XM 99 folding-fin CS warhead and the Mighty Mite, a device used to pump massive and sometimes lethal doses of CS gas into Vietnamese tunnels and shelters.

Increased procurement in this area may further postpone Senate ratification of the 1925 Geneva protocol, which is bottled up in the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. The committee does not want to embarrass the United States by ratifying a treaty we are currently violating. In December 1970, the U.N. General Assembly declared, by a vote of 80 to 3, that wartime use of all gases and herbicides violates the treaty. The Administration's position, supported by Portugal and Australia, is that

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agents used by the United States in Vietnam are excluded from the accord.

While scattered press reports have indicated that CBW facilities are being closed down, cut back or converted, a brief survey of the major sites shows that in fact activity is being disguised and expanded. The Army's July 13th announcement of stockpile destruction included the reassertion that the biological warfare center at Pine Bluff, Ark., will be converted into the Food and Drug Administration's National Center for Toxicological Research. The center, it said, will study the "toxic effects" of chemicals (drugs, food additives, pesticides). This was first reported in *The Washington Post* on January 28. However, DMS stated in February that Pine Bluff is spending $1.6 million to purchase automated equipment for packaging chemicals. The June 14th *Commerce Business Daily* carried advertisements for bids for five different items of ammunition and explosives needed at Pine Bluff, including components for the M36E2 Cluster, an incendiary anti-personnel weapon. The M36E2 indeed has "toxic effects," but not of the kind that the Food and Drug Administration would normally study. It is obvious that the FDA will not be the sole occupant of the base, and that work on chemical and incendiary munitions will continue.

The February DMS report for Edgewood Arsenal, the Army's chemical warfare command post, shows the same pattern of continued CBW work, despite official proclamations to the contrary:

> Although the President's policy statements of November 1969 and February 1970 have reoriented chemical and biological warfare programs being conducted at Edgewood, a glance at R&D budget elements shows that they have in no way curtailed them. The cut-backs in two major projects, the Chemical Warfare and Biological Research Programs, are anything but substantial, and are more than offset by increases in other new and continuing chemical and biological projects. . . .
>
> The pick-up in Edgewood's R&D budget is an indication of the agency's growing importance in the face of the President's 1969 and 1970 policy statements on chemical warfare. The Army is relying on Edgewood to provide it not only with the retaliatory threat it feels it must have to deter enemy use of biological or chemical agents, but also with the needed strong defense against any toxic agents that might be used. . . .

The ambiguity of "defensive" CBW work is illustrated by North American Rockwell's contract for "Aircrew protective systems." Is this equipment intended to protect those who happen to be in aircraft when the United States is attacked with CBW? Or is it to protect military air crews who themselves drop CBW ordnance?

The merger of Edgewood Arsenal with the Aberdeen (Md.) Proving Ground, announced on July 1, may be another attempt to divert attention from the continuation of Edgewood's research, development, testing and manufacture of anti-personnel chemicals. The September-October issue of *Ordnance* emphasized, when reporting the merger, that the "activities at Edgewood Arsenal remain unchanged." And on June 28 Aberdeen's new CBR role became evident from its advertisement in *Commerce Business Daily* for contractors to "develop, manufacture, load and handle ammunition, explosives, propellants, pyrotechnics, chemical, biological and radiological materials. . . ."

Several years ago, press photos showing drums of poison gas stored at Rocky Mountain Arsenal—just beyond the runway of the Denver, Colo. airport—stirred public fears and protests. Since then, reporters who challenged the necessity and the safety of maintaining deadly nerve gas at this arsenal have been kept at bay by assurances that safety-conscious disposal operations of obsolete gases would begin shortly. The projected yearlong disposal of a biological anti-crop agent that attacks wheat was finally begun at Rocky Mountain Arsenal on August 2, twenty months after the President's announcement that such stocks would be destroyed. Disposal of World War I mustard gas, scheduled to begin, in late August, has not yet started, although testing of disposal facilities began July 12. Disposal of 21,107 nerve gas cluster bombs, containing an estimated 2 trillion lethal doses, is supposed to begin next summer.

Such disposal operations may lull the public into thinking that the military is removing lethal chemicals from the U.S. stocks. It is not so. "We are maintaining our lethal chemical deterrent," stated Lt. Col. William E. Dismore, the newly appointed commander of Rocky Mountain Arsenal. In an interview obtained for this article on September 10, Lieutenant Colonel Dismore acknowledged a report that even when the three-year disposal project is completed, a 250-acre "toxic yard" will be maintained at the arsenal. There, 1-ton containers of GB nerve gas from current stockpiles will be kept. When asked why some nerve gas weapons are being retained while others, such as the M34 cluster bombs, are being destroyed, Dismore answered that the M34s are "obsolete," "not compatible with today's high performance aircraft." They are not being destroyed, he said, because of any government policy change or protest from Congress and the public. "We would be disposing of these in any event. They are of no value; there's no market for the product."

The Lieutenant Colonel was then asked about plans for future nerve gas production, in light of the safety controversy. "The solution," he answered quickly, is the "binary weapons system." A "binary weapon" consists of two nonlethal chemicals, each packaged in a plastic canister. "In a fail-safe binary system," he said, "these components would be stored and shipped separately." He continued: "When preparing to fire the weapon, the two canisters would be placed together in a shell."

In one configuration, the plastic canisters are separated by a "setback rupture system" which breaks them open when the shell is fired. Fins make the shell spin during flight, thoroughly mixing the two chemicals and forming the deadly nerve gas in less than ten seconds. "This offers safety in handling, storage, transportation and demilitarization."

As Dismore spoke thus of the many advantages of the new system, his enthusiasm was restrained only by his aides, who reminded the new commander of their "rigid restrictions" to talk only about the mustard gas and wheat spore destruction programs. Dismore assured them that the information was nonclassified, and that he had testified about the same subject last year, when he was chief of Chemical Warfare and Biological Research, Army R&D. At that time he told the House Appropriations Committee:

> Another value of the system is the fact that if, as we

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> go down the road a few years from the time we field this round, we find a better agent combination, all that needs to be done is to remove one of the polyethylene canisters and replace it with a different combination, and you have a new agent without having to build new hardware.

There is another advantage to the new system which Dismore did not cite. These munitions enable the military to get around Congressional restrictions on buying new nerve gas delivery systems (PL 91-121), since the binary weapons do not need their own delivery system. Dismore spoke of binary shells for 105mm, 155mm and 8-inch rounds, all of which can be fired from howitzers of the type already in use in Vietnam. He also said that the Army thinks of applying the binary system to incapacitating gases and incendiaries. He was not permitted to reveal the date by which the Army expects to have the binaries in the operational inventory, but acknowledged that a complete binary round had been tested in the open air at Dugway before PL 91-121, which requires strict safety precautions before such tests can be resumed, was passed in 1969. Such resumption, scheduled for 1972, will, Dismore thinks, aid in speeding the binaries into production.

Though Dismore would not say when binaries will be operational, there is evidence that their development is far advanced. Early this year, Edgewood Arsenal invited interested corporations to bid on a "study to production engineer the internal components of the XM #87 projectile 155mm," another name for the binary weapon. And on April 9, *Commerce Business Daily* announced that Aerojet Ordnance and Manufacturing Company had received from Edgewood a contract (#DAAA 15-71-C-0037) for "Research and Development Services for Binary Dissemination Studies."

Shortly after President Nixon's "renunciation" of biological warfare there was widespread speculation that the Army Biological Warfare Laboratory at Fort Detrick, Md. would be closed. This expectation was so strong, in fact, that one year after Nixon's address the Senate voted $15 million to transform the Detrick laboratory into a national center for health research. But the expected change never occurred. Funding for the transfer was knocked out in House-Senate conference and the Army "postponed" its announced cutback. As the March 1971 DMS report on Fort Detrick put it:

> Ft. Detrick was one of the bases targeted for the Army base closure and reduction program in FY71, but the planned 295 man-year cut-back was postponed, pending the determination of future utilization of the installation by the Army or by other government agencies.
>
> Although Ft. Detrick could well be one of the bases affected by what the DOD indicated will be a realignment of responsibilities at various installations in FY72, it is doubtful that this will come to pass.

If this "realignment of responsibilities" did come to pass, it still would not be a true step toward curtailing the development and use of chemical and biological weapons. It could mean simply that the military had decided to consolidate its CBW activities and shift them to the remote deserts of Utah's Dugway Proving Ground, the testing center for U.S. CBW activities. In a January 22nd statement, Sen. Frank Church spoke of a possible transfer of 440 personnel to Dugway, presumably from Pine Bluff and Fort Detrick.

The Army did acknowledge, in the fiscal 1972 appropriations hearings, that it was shifting the "Threat Assessment Group" from Fort Detrick to Dugway, there to conduct classified research on the vulnerability of targets to biological agents—presumably for "defensive" purposes. It is also shifting fifty-two civilians, and an unspecified number of military personnel to Edgewood Arsenal to carry on classified research on "alarm and physical defense." The staff working on the "technological base" for CBW will remain at Fort Detrick. There are no plans to phase out this work, even if some Detrick laboratory space is turned over to the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare. The Army made this clear in testimony from Gen. W. C. Gribble, Chief of Army Research and Development. Asked to explain a drop in the Army's "defensive" biological research budget (it was $14.3 million in fiscal 1970, $15.5 million in 1971, and $13.2 million in 1972), he said that it did not indicate a plan to shut down the Biological Warfare Laboratory, but was caused rather by "the turmoil in the program of relocating it and getting it re-established."

The only change, then, has been a shift of emphasis toward "defensive" research. But in the CBW area, research for "defense" turns out to be pretty much the same as research for offense. Today, the development of virulent antibiotic-resistant biological agents is justified as a prerequisite to inventing defenses against their possible use by other nations. Thus DMS was able to report last March:

> The President's policy statements of November 1969 and February 1970 have altered the emphasis of some programs conducted at Ft. Detrick, but they have in no way resulted in a significant curtailment of activity. Indeed, the Army's concern that there be an adequate threat analysis, warning and defense against the biological warfare systems that might be used against this nation have led to a step-up in some of Ft. Detrick's activities.

Curtailment of CBW activities is not evident at the U.S. Army Chemical Center and School in Fort McClellan, Ala. There the GIs continue to train for chemical warfare in a mock Vietnamese village, and then return to their air-conditioned classrooms and laboratories for further instruction via closed-circuit TV. They are joined by foreign officers from Thailand, South Vietnam, Australia, Korea, the Philippines, West Germany, Greece, England, Saudi Arabia and other countries. In all, 550 foreign officers from thirty-six countries have been trained at the school.

Even after Nixon's proclaimed renunciation of biological warfare, the GIs, military allies and selected public health officials went on using a course outline called "Potential Biological Anti-Personnel Agents." (This document, #EA 108.1, was made available by Prof. Richard Fineberg who attended the course in May 1970, as a public health official. A year later, the Documents Officer at Fort McClellan assured him that essentially the same course material was still in use. An account of his attendance and other information on continuing U.S. CBW activities appear in his *The Dragon Goes North: Chemical and Biological Warfare Testing in Alaska*; McNally & Loftin.)

A reading of "Potential Biological Anti-Personnel

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Agents" leaves one feeling much less relaxed about even the "limited test quantities" of deadly germs being retained as the Army destroys its large, cumbersome stocks of older biological agents. "It is quite possible that biological agents are the weapons of the future, and that they will be used in conjunction with nuclear weapons," the manual declares. It proceeds, despite its declared objective of training in CBW "defense," to instruct the pupils in:

a. The most opportune time for dissemination of a biological aerosol.
b. Methods of using biological antipersonnel agents.
c. Requirements for biological antipersonnel agents.
d. Characteristics of several potential biological antipersonnel agents.

The "defense" training guide speaks of the criteria for "Selection of potential antipersonnel agents," naming among others the incapacitating agent Venezuelan Equine Encephalomyelitis. This is the disease that swept through South America, Mexico and across the U.S. border recently, killing thousands of animals and hospitalizing hundreds of people. (Actual studies of migratory birds as carriers of this rare disease have been conducted by the Army, so the 1972 Defense appropriations hearings reveal.) Also named as potential agents are such toxins as the one found recently in Bon Vivant vichyssoise after a New York man had died from drinking it, and the ancient plague, which has turned up in war-ravaged parts of North Vietnam and in the portions of South Vietnam that have not been immunized by U.S. medics.

It can be inferred from the CBW course outline that the military goal in the use of biological agents does not require huge stockpiles. It would seem that the necessary quantities could be produced from test samples through rapid multiplication techniques.

The training document does not suggest using biological agents as lone weapons to blanket huge areas. Rather it recommends disseminating undetectable quantities of the agent either suspended in an aerosol or released via insects at nighttime when "there is less chance of target personnel detecting the attack."

The manual goes on to state that "it would seem reasonable to combine agents, thereby complicating the disease picture.

(*1*) Use of agents with different incubation periods could prolong the period of required treatment.
(*2*) Use of agents requiring different treatment could also prolong hospitalization.
(*3*) Use of agents with the same incubation period could confuse diagnosis.

And it continues:

There are a number of reasons why biological antipersonnel agents may be used to complement or supplement another weapon system such as chemical, nuclear, or high explosives:

(*1*) Resistance can be lowered by bodily injury from another weapon. If an individual's resistance is lowered, the pathogen may overcome body defenses with less effort.
(*2*) In metropolitan areas, food and water supplies, as well as sanitation facilities may be destroyed by other weapons. As sanitation declines and individual resistance drops, the opportunities for biological anti-personnel agents to invade and produce disease are increased many-fold.
(*3*) Casualties created by disease would place an additional load on medical facilities used for diagnosis, treatment and evacuation.
(*4*) Biological agents in aerosol form will probably be unnoticed if delivered during attack by other weapons.

It is clear that biological agents would not be used openly and on a massive scale but rather covertly, on a limited scale, disseminated by existing delivery systems in conjunction with more conventional weapons. The military objective of this strategy would be to lower the target population's morale and will to resist and its perseverance in rebellion. To gain this end, the military needs only a small quantity of each of the wide variety of agents that have been selected by earlier testing. Then, if a military opportunity occurs, the samples of the selected agent can be used to produce the quantity required. Development of rapid reproduction techniques for each agent has been the focus of the Pine Bluff Arsenal's past work.

The capability for germ warfare remains. To be sure we have the President's assurance that it will not be used, but well after Mr. Nixon forswore biological offense, the training program at Fort McClellan gives its pupils a thorough understanding of techniques of offensive biological warfare. Although described as instruction in defense, the course in fact offers little information about effective civilian protection. It even suggests that such defense may be impossible: "remember that with massive doses of an agent we can probably break any immunity—no matter how it was acquired." □

LETTERS *(Continued from page 322)*

in other hospitals, then I apologize; if not, I think the figures speak for themselves. . . .

As for raising the fear of phasing out the system, I wasn't idly speculating, I was reporting on pertinent opinions. Personally, I would much prefer to see the health, educational and other benefits available to the veteran applied to the general public. We need to understand that service to one's country exists in many more forms than the willingness to kill or be killed, and should be "rewarded" in all its forms.

I am also confused by a logic which finds that by arguing for improved conditions in VA hospitals, I am working against the vets' best interest. Vietnam veterans of all political persuasions are disillusioned with our social institutions. . . .

Mr. Johnson's statement about the need for vets and their families to feel that VA benefits are "good" reeks of paternalism. If a vet has a need for a VA benefit, he will take advantage of it whether it is perfect or imperfect. The VA's largest problem in this area, and I'm sure Mr. Johnson knows this, is that soldiers are so turned off by the military that they won't go near anything that smacks of the military, even if it's to the VA for benefits. I wouldn't be seeking improvements in VA health care if I didn't think that vets should take advantage of these benefits. But if it will make Mr. Johnson feel better, I'll go on record as urging every Vietnam veteran in the country to go to his neighborhood VA office and make sure he gets what's coming to him.

Jim Castelli

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

Half-Truths on Orwell

GEORGE ORWELL. *By Raymond Williams. Viking Press (Modern Masters). 112 pp. $4.95. Paper $1.65.*

GEORGE WOODCOCK
Mr. Woodcock is a historian, biographer and literary critic. He has recently completed a study of Aldous Huxley.

Raymond Williams must have seemed a natural choice to write a book on Orwell in a series, like Modern Masters, which is intended to provide clear, concise introductions for students and other time-poor readers to thinkers who themselves are not always either concise or clear. Orwell is considered a radical Populist; Raymond Williams also claims that title. Orwell was one of the first writers to acknowledge the existence of a working-class culture and to write intelligently about it; Williams also has written in this field. Orwell made a dramatic effort to achieve mobility in the tightly knit English class structure, breaking away from a family tradition of Eton education and imperial service and becoming, for a while at least, a tramp and a dishwasher; Raymond Williams' trajectory crossed Orwell's in the opposite direction, for, a signalman's son, he moved out of the working class to become a Guards officer and a fellow of Jesus College, Cambridge. Orwell acquired socialism because of his descent into *les bas fonds*; Williams retained it in spite of his rise into the Establishment.

But common experiences rarely make men alike; equally rarely do they breed that empathetic understanding which is necessary for the successful critic. And Williams' *George Orwell* is exasperating precisely because one is constantly feeling that here is the man who *should* understand, and finding repeatedly that he most palpably does not.

Orwell once said that "one can write nothing readable unless one constantly struggles to efface one's own personality. Good prose is like a window pane." He tried to write prose of that kind; he often succeeded (at times even to the extent of masking the confusion of his thought by the clarity of its expression). Williams never writes clear prose; trying to perceive his meaning one has always the sense of "seeing through a glass, darkly," and whatever that phrase meant in the original, it obviously had nothing to do with modern windowpanes. There is something naturally difficult about the way Williams writes; one stumbles through his arguments until one realizes that the guide himself is groping for concepts he does not himself understand, and cannot understand, because he has no insight into his subject. If he had, he could not have written a study of Orwell that is almost entirely conducted in terms of neo-Marxist politico-social analysis.

Orwell, after all, was primarily a writer, an artist. Whether he first expressed his thoughts in action, as he did in Spain, or in speech, as he did in the company of his friends, the ultimate stage was always to transmute them into a literary form; and in his key statement of aims, "Why I Write," he made it clear that he was concerned, even in his most politically conscious period, with making "political writing into an art." "So long as I remain alive and well I shall continue to feel strongly about prose style, to love the surface of the earth, and to take pleasure in solid objects and scraps of useless information." The sensibility with which he rendered the visible world into effective prose, rather than the ideas he happened to express, was what made Orwell distinctive. He had no particularly original philosophy, and perhaps the most important aspect of him as a thinker was that he eloquently and provocatively expressed what many thousands of other people felt obscurely or inarticulately. What makes him a "Modern Master," as it makes Swift an Old Master long after his political relevance has faded, is the imaginative power of his writing. Orwell was conscious of this, conscious also that even his political aims could be effectively pursued only if he refused to become submerged in political propaganda. "To yield subjectively, not merely to a party machine, but even to a group ideology," he said in "Writers and Leviathan" (1948), "is to destroy yourself as a writer." He ended that essay by remarking that the writer who refuses to become a party propagandist (though not necessarily to be a political activist) will find that "his writings, in so far as they have any value, will always be the product of the saner self that stands aside, records the things that are done and admits their necessity, but refuses to be deceived as to their true nature."

You will not find any Orwellisms of this kind discussed or even mentioned by Raymond Williams. He avoids any close discussion of the formal or imaginative qualities of Orwell's writing by fabricating an unconvincing argument that there is no real difference between "fiction" and "nonfiction," which reaches its absurd extremity in the half-truth that Eric Blair's most successful character was "George Orwell." My guess is that Williams is temperamentally incapable of aesthetic judgment because his mind, like his vocabulary, is boxed in by pretty rigid abstract patterns. In the past he has discussed writers like Lawrence entirely as socio-political phenomena; his essay on Eliot, astonishingly, does not cite or discuss a single line of Eliot's poetry, and even in the book under review he throws in as an aside the remark that "Joyce wrote as he did through poverty and exile," without troubling to explain why only one poor and exiled writer produced a *Finnegans Wake*. In the case of Orwell he is clearly insensitive to what really makes Orwell distinctive as a writer—to such things as the lyrical rendering of the visible world, the sensitive interplay of psychology and symbolism in a novel like *Coming Up for Air*, the extraordinary modulations of rage and humor in *Animal Farm*, the fact that the enduring value of *Homage to Catalonia* lies in its almost palpable evocation of the feel and smell of Spain in the Civil War as much as in its political honesty.

So it is a one-eyed view of Orwell we are given, and even that a somewhat astigmatic one. Williams appropriates, without acknowledging his sources, the critical commonplaces about the self-transformation of Eric Blair into the literary persona, George Orwell, and about the duality of conservative and rebel that underlies all Orwell's books. All this is now accepted wisdom, and there is no need to discuss it further. However, I must mention a distortion of one earlier view which for me illustrates the peculiar narrowness of Williams' vision. In my own book on Orwell, *The Crystal Spirit*, I argue that "the central figure of every Orwell novel is a solitary, detached by some scar in his past from the world in which he finds himself, compelled to live the double existence of the misfit and, after inevitable and ineffectual rebellion, doomed to fail and be destroyed or finally and hopelessly to be enslaved." Mr. Williams talks of the "Orwell figure" as an "isolated man who breaks from conformity but is then defeated and reab-

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sorbed." It is in the difference between "destroyed or finally . . . enslaved" and "reabsorbed" that the gap between my interpretation and that of Williams opens out. For by reabsorption Williams implies a *willingness* to return to conformity, whereas in fact Orwell's anti-heroes, if they are not physically destroyed like Flory in *Burmese Days* or mentally pulverized like Winston Smith in *1984*, return with their eyes opened to the reality of a situation about which they once lived in illusion. They still reject, and thus in a sense they are free even if they are enslaved.

There is another direction in which my interpretation differs profoundly from that of Mr. Williams, who, as a professional Populist, feels himself insulted by Orwell's treatment of the "proles" in *1984*, who live with a curious submerged freedom and vitality at the bottom of society. He believes that Orwell is here revealing class prejudices acquired in childhood and is vilifying the working classes or, as Williams puts it, being "inhuman." Far from it. For the pattern of Orwell's novels always contains another world toward which the alienated bourgeois hero or heroine yearns; that of the hop-pickers in *The Clergyman's Daughter*, of a past country-town England in *Coming Up for Air*, of the Burmese people in *Burmese Days*, or the proles in *1984*—a way of life at once more natural, more simple, more decent, more vital, more enduring than his own, one he tries in vain to enter as Orwell tries in vain to enter that of the English working class.

Similarly, Orwell yearned toward the News-from-Nowhere utopia of a libertarian socialism that has haunted the English Left since Morris and Ruskin. It was, and to a diminishing extent still is, a vision distinct from that of the Marxist or other European Socialist traditions largely because of its strong aesthetic element. Not merely was there a sense of re-creating a past and idyllic England that flooded the mind when Blake's *Jerusalem* was ritually sung at leftist gatherings, but there was also a peculiar concern for the quality of life of the same kind as that which pervades Orwell's novels, an essentially moral concern which involves means as well as ends, and which was what Orwell had in mind when he said that the writer must refuse "to be deceived as to [the] true nature" of "the things that are done. . . ." When Orwell wrote the truth about Spain as he saw it in *Homage to Catalonia*, when he wrote a fable about the betrayal of the Russian Revolution in *Animal Farm*, when in *1984* he warned against a *generalized* tendency toward a totalitarianism that would destroy the human personality along with human liberty, he was refusing to be deceived.

Unfortunately, it is when he discusses this aspect of Orwell that Williams is most confused. He appears, in fact, to blame Orwell because, during the cold-war era, *1984* was used by conservative anti-Communists to support their viewpoint. However, more recent trends which Williams ignores have been giving *1984* just that universal application which Orwell intended for the book. It was, after all, a book much read clandestinely in Prague, it is not unknown among dissidents in Russia, and nowadays in Western Europe and the United States it is more likely to be quoted against rulers at home than against their opponents abroad. And if, as Williams states, "real popular forces" have begun to move again in our age, if at least a wing of the New Left makes gestures toward a more libertarian view of socialism, it is in part because Orwell so courageously revealed the faults of the old Left. It is unwise, as well as untrue, to represent the critic as the enemy, which is what Williams does when he tries to divide Orwell into a Socialist to be praised and a critic of socialism to be condemned. □

CHAIN SAW

My neighbors cut down the lilac tree.
It was early in the morning
and I was dreaming
of gathering an armful of lilacs
and bringing them to you.

Judith Anne Greenberg

Female Bodies and the Law

ABORTION RAP. *By Diane Schulder and Florynce Kennedy. McGraw-Hill Book Co. 238 pp. $7.95.*

CLAUDIA DREIFUS
Miss Dreifus is a free-lance writer working in New York whose articles on political and social questions have appeared in The Realist, Rolling Stone, Evergreen *and elsewhere. Her book,* Radical Lifestyles, *will be published by Lancer in December.*

In the winter of 1970, 300 earnest members of the New York women's liberation movement joined together to wage judicial guerrilla warfare against what was then a highly restrictive state abortion law. The women's weapon was a nine-lawyer, 300-plaintiff lawsuit designed to test the constitutionality of local laws that denied females the right to control their bodies. Defendants in this case included state Atty. Gen. Louis Lefkowitz, Bronx Dist. Atty. Burton Roberts and Manhattan Dist. Atty. Frank Hogan.

From the first, the downtown legal establishment was irritated by the lawsuit. It was so irregular, so ungentlemanly. More than that, the plaintiffs were demanding something unprecedented in the history of abortion litigation: they were insisting that women be allowed to testify about their own experiences with the butcher block. In the past, legal discussion of the fate of women's bodies was left in the hands of more "expert" males—doctors, ministers, legislators and population experts. Frank Hogan's stand-in, the Assistant District Attorney for Manhattan, Burton H. Lipshe, was so outraged by the idea of female testimony that he moved that remarks by women be barred as "nonexpert." "The testimony of women," he complained, "is irrelevant to the subject of abortion. There are no factual issues on which they could testify." Fortunately, the federal judges in the case, Harold Tyler and Edward Weinfield, were unmoved by his arguments. So, for three weeks, women told the court exactly what it was like to be victims of a system that treats human beings with rather less concern than it does breeding heifers.

Diane Schulder and Florynce Kennedy, two of the suit's most diligent lawyers, have put together portions of that testimony into an extraordinary book. The voices of the women are so compelling that this book will, no doubt, be an important instrument in the coming national campaign to repeal abortion laws.

". . . The major emphasis of the personnel at the home was to let me know that I was very stigmatized," explained "Lucy Wilcox," who had used the facilities of the Spence-Chapin Adoption Services to give birth to an illegitimate child. ". . . We weren't allowed to go on the street after nine oclock and we were told not to go anywhere unescorted together because that would call attention to ourselves. I didn't want to wear a wedding ring, but we were urged to. . . . No one knew anybody else's name and there was a big emphasis, when you left, that you never mention you were there. . . . It was very much like I was a commodity producing another commodity."

When "Lucy Wilcox" became preg-

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nant a second time, she took excessive doses of quinine and castor oil in order to simulate German measles. With massive rashes covering most of her body, she was able to obtain a legal abortion.

"Joan Rossini," a Vassar college student in an era when not being a virgin was a valid reason for expulsion, was bleeding profusely after her illegal abortion: "There was only one gynecologist in Poughkeepsie. . . . I told him that I had had an abortion and was very frightened that I had not stopped bleeding. I wanted him to give me an examination and tell me that I was alright, and that I would be able to have children again. . . . What he said was, he said, 'How dare you come in here like this?' He said, 'Don't you know I have to call the police?' He said, 'You're going to go to jail.' Well, at the time I cried and begged him not to send me to jail. Finally, he said to me, 'Alright, I won't turn you over to the police and you won't have to go to jail, just give me the name and the telephone number of the abortionist.' "

"Deborah Robinson," a free-lance writer, went to an abortionist in Baltimore. She was already on the operating table when, "We had an argument and he said, 'Well, this is a new method,' and either I wanted an abortion or I didn't want an abortion and I should make up my mind. . . . The next day, he gave me an injection of what he said was sodium pentathol, and again explained that this was a very new method that he was working on and that he had great success with it and I shouldn't object to a hypodermic. I was terrified and he noticed my tension. Luckily for me, he said. 'Look, I don't think you're pregnant enough . . . go back to New York. . . . Later I discovered that this doctor was probably experimenting with the saline method, a method that is not recommended for women who are under their fifth month in pregnancy." "Deborah Robinson" was less than three months pregnant at the time of this proposed experiment. She might well have died as a result of it.

Abortion Rap also has selections from the testimony given by a group of Catholic physicians who were interveners against the women in the case. The authors dub these gentlemen the "Friends of the Fetus." When Dr. Joseph Ricotta, a Buffalo gynecologist, was asked how repeal of the abortion law would have a negative effect on the health of his patients, he replied that he feared women would take to abortion as a fad. "You know, there are so many people that have to do something because it's a fad; miniskirts, maxiskirts, and midiskirts. Their desires are not based on good judgment, many times—a four hundred pound girl in a miniskirt!"

Another defender of the unborn was a Buffalo psychiatrist, Armand DiFrancesco, who induced Brechtian chuckles when he declared that "in my twenty years of practice as a psychiatrist I have never seen a case where abortion provided an acceptable solution to the problems of a pregnant woman." DiFrancesco went on to suggest pregnancy as a specific for a plethora of female emotional problems. He recommended it highly.

In addition to giving testimony from a wide range of women and professionals, one of the authors, Florynce Kennedy, a black woman, has contributed a chapter on the black community's negative response to abortion law repeal. While Miss Kennedy is furious at the practice of unconsenting sterilization of black women, she makes it clear that ghetto opposition to birth control and abortion is self-defeating. "Black majorities," she explains, "in places like South Africa and Mississippi are not noticeably revolutionary. . . . The concept of breeding revolutionaries, rather than revolutions, is appropriate in a society where the old people do the voting and the youngsters do the fighting and dying. Breeding revolutions can be fatal, whereas breeding revolutionaries is not too far removed from a cultural past where black women were encouraged to be breeding machines for their slave masters."

I have a quarrel with this book, however. As a journalist, a feminist and a witness in the trial, I was deeply offended that the authors chose to give the testifying women pseudonyms. The false names imply a kind of scarlet letter. For too many years, magazines and newspapers printed pictures of women who were speaking on abortion with their faces blacked out or in shadow—as if any woman who dared to have an abortion was a creature of shame. One of the most liberating aspects of the trial was that for the first time women came into a court and freely declared themselves felons in the attempt to gain control of their own bodies. While some of the witnesses asked to be anonymous, most did not. Returning the witnesses to the shadow world seems to me to be a grave mistake.

This serious objection aside, *Abortion Rap* is the most articulate and powerful call for an end to our national system of female butchery that has yet to be printed. It is adequate to its theme: women's blood, devastated bodies and needlessly tortured souls. □

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This War's Soldiers

NO VICTORY PARADES: The Return of the Vietnam Veteran. *By Murray Polner. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. 169 pp. $5.95.*

JAMES FINN
Mr. Finn, editor of Worldview, *recently edited* Conscience and Command: Justice and Discipline in the Military *(Random House).*

"What is the veteran of the Vietnam War? Victim? Mercenary? Patriot? Lemming? And given the moral underpinnings of our system, was he, was I, really a free agent?"

It was years before Americans took Vietnam veterans seriously. Since they went off to Vietnam it was easy to assume that they supported the war, or were at least neutral. They provided none of the early interest, the excitement of the anti-war critics, the C.O.s, the resisters and the draft evaders. Nor, despite the best efforts of successive administrations to pump returning "heroes" into mythic proportions, could this sad war produce a living legend. There is no doubt that American soldiers performed many acts of great personal courage, but it is horribly appropriate that the first combat soldier to become a public issue and a household word was Lieut. William Calley.

Now this has changed. Veterans Against the War, both the sound and the terribly wounded, have shown that dissent and opposition to the war run deep in the armed forces. We have also learned that when we "bring the boys back home" we are bringing back a number of young men hooked on heroin. Suddenly acknowledging the presence of the Vietnam veterans, we find that they do not fit into some simple slot, may not all be easily assimilated into present society. The Vietnamese War is different from other wars in which the United States has fought. Is the Vietnam veteran different too?

No one who reads Murray Polner's fine book will think the answer to that question is simple. Despite the self-declared limitations of *No Victory Parades,* Polner has uncovered complexities, has avoided types and stereotypes, and has revealed something of the lived reality that always escapes the slogans and programs of even the best intentioned, best informed partisans. The limitations I mentioned are stated immediately. Polner began his study in the fall of 1967, and at that time the returned veterans reflected one of the inequities of the draft, most of them coming from lower-middle- or working-class homes. From more than 200 people Polner interviewed, he selected nine—all of whom had been in sustained combat, all of whom had been apolitical upon entering service, and all of whom are white. The black, the Puerto Rican, the Mexican-American, the middle and upper class, and the highly educated are thus excluded from this study. If they too could be described in a manner as probing and sensitive as this, we would learn much more not only about the veteran but about our country.

These veterans returned with different attitudes toward the war: some were shaken and some were confirmed in their faith that the United States was pursuing a good and even noble cause; others, grateful to be alive, were bitter because they had lost close friends in a war for which they find no justification; and there are the others, still uncertain, torn between conflicting loyalties, who seem to have internalized the tensions of our society as it is torn in different directions. What many of them share, however, is a distrust, a skepticism, of views expressed by those who haven't been there. They feel that only the combat veteran, whatever his views, has a right to pass judgment on other veterans.

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This attitude is understandable. The shared experience of great risk and intense emotion tends to bind men together, at least while the memory of that experience is fresh and vivid. And for the veteran who on his return home encountered indifference or hostility or uncomprehending admiration, that attitude was reinforced. Yet every veteran Polner talked to encountered people who were ready to make strong judgments on the war, on the veterans, and on him personally. It is here, in the particulars of various incidents and the veterans' reactions to them, that the great strength and gravity of this book reside. One veteran was beaten up and thrown out of a bar when he started telling what "it was really like." Another went on a radio program to do the same thing and returned to find a note from his father saying, "Your kind isn't wanted around here." Another, troubled and uncertain about the war, got angry each time he saw a lot of young peaceniks who could not know what he had been through. Still another recalls—and cannot forget—participating in a massacre worse than My Lai. Each has had his life changed by the Vietnamese experience; each has become, to some degree, politically aware; and many of them believe the main task of our society is to get America straight again.

We tend to emulate the Defense Department and tot up our casualties in terms of the dead and wounded. But the Vietnamese war *is* different and will have a multitude of nasty consequences, not the least of which will be a group of veterans who will feel, with strong reasons, that they were treated shabbily by a country to which they were deeply attached. Statistically, those men will be a minority of our citizenry. With our slogans, high principles and sophisticated political analyses we could run over them or try to co-opt them to our own purposes. We could, but the loss would be ours as well as theirs. This strong, eloquent and moving book should make clear that we would do well first to listen to them. □

IN THE SOFT CHEEK OF CLAY

In the soft cheek of clay
are the memories of our
ancestors
the burnt creeks of our
brothers
the blackened backs of Bison
the smell of beaver burning.

In the soft cheek of clay
hands clap
slap
protect
build
and serve.

In the soft cheek of clay
are the steel ribs of
cities
the sounds of children
running
the smell of tires burning.

Robert Lundquist

Book Marks

CAREY McWILLIAMS

AMERICA'S BLACK CONGRESSMEN. *By Maurine Christopher. Thomas Y. Crowell Co. 283 pp. $8.95.*

The stories of the thirty-four blacks who served in the Congress, 1870-1970, from Sen. Hiram R. Revels to Rep. Shirley Chisholm, contain a chronology, bibliography and index. The early chapters are of particular interest. The author is a *Nation* contributor.

THE LAST HORIZON. *By Raymond F. Dasmann. The Macmillan Co. 279 pp. Paper $2.95.*

A paperback edition of a volume first issued in 1963, by a distinguished ecologist, currently with the International Union for the Conservation of Nature. He has written about ecological issues for *The Nation.*

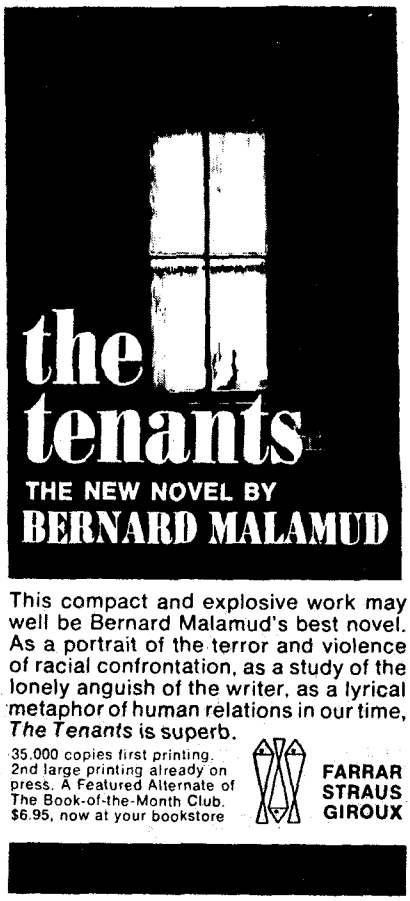
CIA: CORE OF THE CANCER. *By David W. Conde. Entente Private Limited (New Delhi). 207 pp. $5.50.*

A study of CIA activities in Asia. The author, who lives in Japan, is a correspondent for the Canadian *Forum.* During World War II, he served with the U.S. Army in the Psychological Warfare branch in Australia, and in the Philippines in General MacArthur's headquarters.

POISONED POWER: The Case Against Nuclear Power Plants. *By John W. Gofman and Arthur R. Tamplin. Rodale Press. 368 pp. $6.95. Paper $1.95.*

An important study. The authors are research associates at Lawrence Radiation Laboratory in Livermore, Calif. Their research was the subject of an article by Pete Winslow in *The Nation,* May 3, 1971.

MARTIN R. DELANY: The Beginnings of Black Nationalism. *By Victor Ullman. Beacon Press. 534 pp. $9.95.*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THE ENVIRONMENT, THE ESTABLISHMENT, AND THE LAW. *By Harmon Henkin, Martin Merta and James Staples. Houghton Mifflin Co. 223 pp. $6.95. Paper $4.50.*

An account of the important hearings conducted in Wisconsin in 1968-69, on whether DDT was a pollutant of the waters of the state. The hearings are recognized as a major test of pesticide control. The senior author, Harmon Henkin, is a frequent contributor to *The Nation.*

THE SICK SOCIETY: An Economic Examination. *By Michael Tanzer. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. 260 pp. $5.95.*

A systematic analysis of the relationships between the corporate-dominated American economy and current American social problems. Of particular interest are the two chapters constituting Part III, "The Immediate Crises," one

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on the international monetary crisis, and the other on the domestic economic crisis. These chapters throw a revealing light on the President's new economic package. A frequent contributor, the author is one of *The Nation*'s economic consultants.

WOMANKIND: Beyond the Stereotypes. *By Nancy Reeves. Aldine-Atherton. 435 pp. $12.50. Paper $4.95.*

An ingenious and revealing study of the various stereotypes and assumptions that have formed women's lives in different times and places, buttressed by a compelling argument for dismantling the contemporary stereotypes which restrict the roles of women in society. The annotated readings contain excellent selections. There are useful references and suggested further readings. A scholarly, well-written text. The author has contributed a number of articles and reviews to *The Nation.*

INDIAN MAN: A Life of Oliver La Farge. *By D'Arcy McNickle. Indiana University Press. 242 pp. $7.95.*

A study of Oliver La Farge and his impact on the nation's Indian policy over nearly four decades. The author, a Flathead Indian and a former Bureau of Indian Affairs administrator, has been *The Nation*'s consultant on Indian Affairs for the last decade. He is also a frequent contributor.

DOWN TO NOW: Reflections on the Southern Civil Rights Movement. *By Pat Watters. Pantheon Books. 416 pp. $7.95.*

The best history of the Southern civil rights movement that has appeared to date. Thoughtful, perceptive, highly readable. Due January.

CONFLICT OF INTEREST: Politics and the Money Game. *By Sanford Watzman. Cowles Book Co. 214 pp. $6.95.*

A hard-hitting analysis of the perennial conflict-of-interest problem by a top investigative reporter who has written frequently for *The Nation.*

RED STAR OVER BETHLEHEM: Russia Drives For the Middle East. *By Ira Hirschmann. Simon & Schuster. 192 pp. $5.95.*

A step-by-step examination of Russia's growing interest and involvement in the Middle East.

THE TRAGEDY OF A PAPAL DECREE. *By B. V. Subbiah. Vantage Press. 144 pp. $3.95.*

Dr. Subbiah, a Hindu scholar, now professor of political science in West Virginia State College, presents a thoroughgoing and thoughtful analysis of the papal encyclical *Humanae Vitae.* But what makes the volume of special interest is the author's view of how India's one-time wealth and unparalleled prosperity were eroded by a growing population and the consequences that engendered.

BREAD AND ROSES TOO: Reporting About America. *By Jack Newfield. E. P. Dutton & Co. 429 pp. $8.95. Paper $3.95.*

A collection of Jack Newfield's articles and reviews written over the last five years.

Political journalism is becoming increasingly specialized. There are the columnists with their gossip and bright wisdom; the reporters who "write politics" for the Establishment press; the ideologues such as Scammon and Wattenberg, and Kevin Phillips; one-man institutions such as Theodore White; commentator-essayists of the Richard Rovere-Irving Howe variety, et al. Newfield doesn't fit in any of these categories. A maverick, he refers to himself as an "advocacy" journalist. His special value is the vivid sense he conveys of having not only observed but of having been, for the moment at least, a part of the action. His reports are fresh, direct, often written with undisguised emotion. He can also be shrewd and tough-minded, as in the piece, "The Case Against Nelson Rockefeller," in this collection.

Over the last five years some ideas have crystallized; one can hope that others of his generation have had the same experience. "Socialism and democracy must be united. Unless radicalism is yoked to freedom and reason, unless it wears a human face, it will fail and will deserve to fail. If we are at all serious, we have to find out who we are, and not ride every little manufactured tide, from the occult to Camp and Pop,

ISRAEL 1969

(Translated from the Spanish by Norman Thomas di Giovanni)

I feared that in Israel there might be lurking,
sweetly and insidiously,
the nostalgia gathered like some sad treasure
during the centuries of dispersion
in cities of the unbeliever, in ghettos,
in the sunsets of the steppe, in dreams—
the nostalgia of those who longed for you,
Jerusalem, beside the waters of Babylon.
What else were you, Israel, but that wistfulness,
but that will to save
amid the shifting shapes of time
your old magical book, your ceremonies,
your loneliness with God?
Not so. The most ancient of nations
is also the youngest.
You have not tempted men with gardens or gold
and the emptiness of gold
but with hard work, beleaguered land.
Without words Israel has told them:
forget who you are.
Forget who you have been.
Forget the man you were in those countries
which gave you their mornings and evenings
and to which you must not look back in yearning.
You will forget your father's tongue
and learn the tongue of Paradise.
You shall be an Israeli, a soldier.
You shall build a country on wasteland,
making it rise out of deserts.
Your brother, whose face you've never seen,
will work by your side.
One thing only we promise you—
your place in the battle.

Jorge Luis Borges

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McGovern's Quiet Progress

McGovern? A great guy!

Would obviously be a great President — if only we could appoint him!

First U. S. Senator to speak out against our military intervention in Vietnam, way back in 1963.

Outstanding critic of the defense budget.

Lonely crusader against hunger in America.

Chief architect of delegate selection reform in the Democratic Party.

Consistently liberal but a big vote-getter in his conservative native state of South Dakota.

But the Democratic presidential nomination? Forget it. He doesn't have a chance. Starts from too far behind. And too nice a guy. Not fiery enough.

And so on and so on. Right?

This was pretty much the reaction when Senator McGovern shattered political precedent last January by becoming a declared candidate for the Democratic presidential nomination a whole year ahead of time.

"They tell us that George McGovern cannot become President because he is too decent," wrote newspaper columnist Pete Hamill.

The Nation agreed: "His decency as a human being is a distinct liability."

But as The New Republic said during McGovern's hearings on hunger, "It is awfully hard to stop men like McGovern. They have iron in them . . . Don't underestimate him."

And since he declared his candidacy, he has campaigned tirelessly and progressed steadily.

Now, people are beginning to rub their eyes in astonishment and say, "By golly, maybe he *does* have a chance!"

First of all, he has received nearly $500,000 from supporters, mostly in small contributions of $1 to $100. That's not nearly enough to carry him through all the primaries, of course. But it's a remarkable outpouring of sentiment so early in the game.

He's won the support of people with a lot of savvy and high standards, such as John Kenneth Galbraith, Gloria Steinem, George Wald, Hans Morgenthau, William Sloan Coffin, Arthur Schlesinger, Henry Steele Commager, Frank Mankiewicz, Shirley MacLaine, Blair Clark.

In New Hampshire, he has the support of half the people who were Democratic Delegates in 1968 and three-fourths of the people who were McCarthy Delegates.

In New York, he has been endorsed by the Democratic Party Leader of Queens, Matthew Troy; the Borough President of the Bronx, Robert Abrams; and recent Democratic candidate for the U. S. Senate, Richard Ottinger.

In Nebraska, former Governor Frank Morrison will serve as Chairman of Nebraska Citizens for McGovern.

"CROWDS HAIL McGOVERN IN WISCONSIN," read a headline in The New York Times on March 8. The news story which followed reported that "he drew about 4,500 persons to a speech on the University of Wisconsin campus, and the audience, noted for its intolerance of politicians, gave him a standing ovation at the end. Later, Friday, he drew another overflow crowd at a Madison hotel reception despite a driving snowstorm."

In Pennsylvania, the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin reported on July 29 that "The 1972 Pennsylvania Presidential primary is still nine months away, but Delaware County Democrats are reportedly already lining up support for South Dakota Senator George S. McGovern. Several local Democrats recently stated that support for McGovern has increased in the past few months.

"Every Democrat who has expressed an interest about becoming a candidate for delegate to the national convention is supporting McGovern," one leader said.

Students for McGovern chapters have sprung up on more than 350 college campuses.

Tom Wicker of The New York Times told political writer Jack Newfield, according to Newfield's account in The Village Voice on August 12, "George is being under estimated. I think he is probably not getting the (newspaper) space he deserves. He is quite strong in the farm belt. He has real organizations going in some of those states. I think McGovern is going to win a primary, and then some folks are going to have egg on their face."

Maybe it's too soon to call all this a groundswell.

But it's not too soon to say that McGovern is a serious contender for the presidential nomination.

And it's not too soon for you to make up your mind to help him get it.

The primary campaigns in New Hampshire and Florida begin in barely 90 days. After that comes Wisconsin.

The stronger the showing McGovern makes in these first primaries, the stronger he will become in terms of support, financial backing, and news coverage.

Thanks to the reforms drafted by the McGovern Commission, at least 63% of the delegates to the 1972 Democratic Convention will be directly elected by the people in at least 23 state primaries.

This means that, for the first time, the candidate who successfully takes his case to the people can be assured of winning the nomination, whether the "power brokers" like it or not.

And you can play a part in helping Senator McGovern take his case to the people, by making a contribution to his campaign now.

The Pentagon papers have widened the credibility gap between the Administration and the country into a canyon. American people are hungering for a man they can trust — a man who sees the truth and tells the truth.

We think George McGovern is such a man. And we urge you to join with us in helping him win the Democratic presidential nomination, by mailing the coupon with your heartfelt contribution.

McGovern is getting there. Here's your chance to help.

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410 First Street, S.E., Washington, D. C. 20003

☐ **I support Senator McGovern in his efforts to lead our country along the path of peace, reconciliation and rededication. Enclosed is my contribution of $_____**

☐ Miss
☐ Mrs.
☐ Mr.

Address **Apt.**

City **State** **Zip**

☐ **Please enroll me in the McGovern for President Club made up of supporters pledged to contribute $10 or more a month until the convention, and keep me closely informed on the progress of the campaign.**

Please Make Checks Payable to McGovern for President Committee.

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to hot pants and acid rock. . . . Character is more important than politics. It is more important how people treat each other, that they tell the truth and be open-minded and compassionate, than that they hold the precisely correct ideological position on every issue. . . . I am not an ideologue. There is no single system of thought that seems nearly adequate to me. I know there are no total answers, no total solutions; only endless, ambiguous struggle. I can define myself only as a radical and as a democrat, as a writer and a Jew, as an activist and a skeptic. I would identify with Antonio Gramsci, the Italian revolutionary who described himself as a 'pessimist of the intelligence and an optimist of the will.' "

Newfield has been a frequent and valued contributor to *The Nation*. □

ART

LAWRENCE ALLOWAY

Soho, the area of New York City *So*uth of *Ho*uston Street, has a new art building at 420 West Broadway. There are four galleries stacked up the way studios are on the floors of neighboring buildings: Leo Castelli, André Emmerich, Sonnabend and John Weber. The first commercial gallery in the area, still there, was Paula Cooper's (96 Prince Street); she opened after the Park Place Gallery closed at the end of 1967. Park Place, on West Broadway but just north of Houston, was a cooperative gallery which Mrs. Cooper ran for the artists; it set the scale for downtown galleries which are, essentially, lofts. The big works created in lofts are thus presented in spaces that are supposed to resemble the studios in which they were done. As Edwin Ruda, a member of the Park Place group, said: "The typical uptown gallery was confined for the most part to a living-room volume that would hardly suit our purpose."

Park Place was conceived as an alternative to uptown galleries in another sense, as a center for group activity by artists as well as for sales. The new galleries, however, are adjuncts to the midtown gallery system, with most of the same artists being shown. Castelli, Emmerich and Sonnabend still have their midtown premises, but Weber (who seems to have all the artists who used to be at the Dwan Gallery except Arakawa) has moved there completely. The caution of the others is understandable inasmuch as a few years ago Castelli, feeling the need for more space, leased a warehouse floor far uptown for big works, but found that nobody would follow him there.

There are two ways the greater areas of downtown galleries have been used by the dealers who preceded the four at 420. Ivan Karp has a great deal of space at the O.K. Harris Gallery (465 West Broadway), so much in fact that he can't fill it decently. There is always a *group* of one-man shows, of which the opening set this season (until October 9) is typical. Robert Cottingham has a series of steeply angled detail views of storefront fasciae, mostly with neon-tubing fixtures, seen in the daylight. These paintings are emphatic and glossy but only routine examples of photographic realism which tends to be Charles Sheeler revived via Pop art. Thomas Bang sculpts with rusty wire coils and segments of plaster, loosely jointed together. They are scattered on the floor, adequate but familiar examples of the low sculpture that has spread since the ground plane was discovered to be, as Karp might put it, "sculpture's neglected frontier." In case you don't buy a Cottingham or a Bang, there are tiny signed photographs by Thomas Arndt at $25 each.

Karp uses his space to promote scattered tendencies into movements. Max Hutchinson (127 Greene Street), though his corridor space is too narrow for most of what he shows, has successfully used his quarters for monumental sculpture such as that of Clement Meadmore and (until October 13) Salvatore Romano. Romano builds closed overlapping masses, hulking forms which are suddenly seen to be in motion, like a boat on a slack line. The upper or enclosed masses float on pools of water concealed within the sculpture; the mobile parts are made of polyethylene with the same finish as the supporting solids, but light enough to drift easily. In his street-level gallery—it would be prohibitively expensive uptown—Hutchinson can show big works which might fit some of the uptown galleries but could never get through the doors or into the elevators.

At 420 West Broadway the opening exhibitions show, on a larger scale, what the galleries offer uptown. Emmerich (5th floor) has a group of Abstract paintings by gallery artists, hung among vistas and projecting walls to make them look as if they were already in the executive suite. Weber (4th floor) shows Sol Lewitt in a space not too different from the now defunct Dwan Gallery at 57th Street; of all the uptown galleries, crammed into episodes of the history of changing uses of apartment and office buildings, Virginia Dwan's gallery was remarkable for its loftlike spareness and clear light. Sonnabend (3rd floor) is showing Gilbert and George, and Leo Castelli (2nd floor) films by artists.

Sol Lewitt is exhibiting structures (big, white, open squares) and wall drawings. These are done directly on the plaster in hard pencil by assistants following the artist's instructions concerning the number of lines (10,000 in one piece) and such matters. The drawings are neither completely programmed nor free, but are the outcome of a system that is tight enough to control the density of the marks but open enough to tolerate individual interpretation of the rules. The wall drawings are a slumbering part of the environment until they are recognized, and the pale sequences of lines remain close to imperceptibility even after they have been identified. Without evoking the traditional mysteries of art—in fact he is in opposition to them—Lewitt reveals a subtle lyricism that results from dilating the supposedly "small" medium of drawing into big lateral planes.

One of the pleasures of the mail for the last year or two has been a series of folders with deckled edges sent from London by Gilbert and George. On the front of each folder (inside a poem) is a drawing, hesitant but antiquarian, its period look suggesting that despite the artist's timidity his work has survived after all. The drawings may be scenes of the Thames Embankment or country views, stylized as an Edwardian bookplate, each containing a dark and a fair man, Gilbert and George. At the Sonnabend Gallery are their "Descriptive Works," pencil and sepia drawings on small sheets of paper assembled to make huge foxed images of English topography. (These are an austerity version of the large paintings shown at the Whitechapel Art Gallery, London, earlier this year.) From 1 to 6 P.M. every day until October 8, there is also "The Singing Sculpture" which is Gilbert and George themselves, occupying a table as if it were a plinth; their heads and hands are patinaed to simulate bronze, and their movements to the music are slow and few in number like a performer at half-time. Their nostalgic English style includes nicely made but not new suits. They sing to a tape recording of an English music hall tune of the 1930s, "Underneath the Arches," which is somewhere between *"Sous les Toits de Paris"* and an American depression song. It includes lines like, "Underneath the arches we dream our dreams away, underneath the arches on cobblestones we lay."

Gilbert and George present themselves in terms of old-fashioned sentimentalism ("we began to dream of a world of beauty and happiness, of great riches

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and pleasures," etc.), but it is braced, and transformed, by the discipline of the "laws of sculptors." I quote the artists exactly: "1. Allways be smartly dressed, well groomed relaxed friendly polite and in complete control" and "3. Never worry assess or critisize but remain quiet respectful and calm." These precepts may have their origins in a Boy Scout manual but their application produces a hypnotic spectacle in "sculpture," with its (slow) dance and (normal speed) song, endlessly repeated with only involuntary minor variations. Gilbert and George are solicitous, withdrawn and implacable. Their stereotyping evokes memories of the myths of living statues. It is as if the Statue of the Commander were to say, with a Cunard purser's obsequiousness, "the Captain says, will you join his table." Their immobility, or at least their slowness and repetition, is sculptural in the sense it gives of duration and abnormal poise.

MUSIC

DAVID HAMILTON

The final special presentation at Washington's Kennedy Center was what will doubtless eventually become the "New York City Opera production" of Handel's *Ariodante* (September 14; I heard the only repetition, two nights later). Certainly, the team of Julius Rudel (conductor), Tito Capobianco (producer), Ming Cho Lee (designer), and Beverly Sills (Ginevra, the soprano lead) suggested an attempt to repeat the success that the same composer's *Giulio Cesare* reaped at the State Theatre a few years back—but, for various reasons, lightning failed to strike again. Fortunately, two basic elements of *Ariodante* are sound: Handel's score is one of his best, with an exceptional degree of lightness and grace, and much felicitous scoring, while the airy baroque-rococo pastiche of Lee's settings offers an appropriate complement to this elegance.

Before the beginning of the third act, Rudel made a brief speech to the audience, noting that the Kennedy Center is in part an educational institution and that, therefore, he took the liberty of suggesting that the closing ritornellos to Handel's arias were meant to be heard, not drowned by applause. A worthy sentiment, but some felt that he might better have protested earlier, during the planning stage, against those aspects of the production that brought on the applause—particularly the dumb show during the overture, during which the principals were introduced one by one. Now, if Beverly Sills is marched on stage, comes to the footlights and bows, an audience will applaud, even if the Grail scene from *Parsifal* is going on meanwhile—Handel's overture had no chance, and the tone of the evening was set.

Such supercilious stylization was dominant throughout, with the principals dogged by a trio of hermaphroditic pages who posed, moved properties, and otherwise provided facetious and tiresome distractions. Within such a context, the singers seemed uncertain of how seriously to treat their actions and the emotions their music expressed; only Tatiana Troyanos (Ariodante) and Sills brought consistent conviction to their parts, and the latter's vocal uncertainties often prevented her from projecting with her usual security. Donald Gramm (Polinesso, Duke of Albany—his provenance left untranslated in the program as "Duke of Albania," which may or may not indicate something about the directorial grasp) leaned over the edge of farcical villainy more than once; Charles Bressler (Lurcanio) was torn between comic and tragic alternatives, and Veronica Tyler (Dalinda) avoided the problem by singing so abstractly that her part might as well have been taken by a flute.

The *Giulio Cesare* production suffered to a degree from this kind of "stylization with a leer" (in particular, the figure of Cornelia—and its performer—was made an object of ridicule), but the novelty of a Handel production that brought a degree of life to this theatrically distant idiom seemed at the time to outweigh the disadvantages. By now, one expects more—but less was offered; it is no favor to Handel to revive him in the spirit (dramatically, at least) of Anna Russell and Hoffnung, however stylishly accoutered.

Compromises on the musical front, in the matter of length, remain necessary, and are more defensible. Rudel struck out some half-dozen numbers entirely, and others were reduced in the "normal" ways (given Handel's usual ABA aria form, either the second A can be shortened, or—more drastically—only the first A can be played). On the other hand, a few choral and orchestral insertions (from the operas *Teseo* and *Alessandro*) were made, for obscure reasons, and Miss Sills's part was beefed up by the insertion of *Venere bella* from *Giulio Cesare* (an aria not used in the City Opera version). Added ornamentation was much in evidence, most effective when sung with assurance and musicality (Troyanos, and Sills at times), and when it was stylistically appropriate (not so with Sills, who seems to be employing Adelina Patti's ghostwriter).

Vocally, Miss Troyanos carried off the honors, singing with great conviction and virtuosity. She looks well in trousers, her timbre is dark without the motherly plumminess that so often makes dramatic nonsense of travesty heroes, and she phrases in splendid long arches, with a sure sense of agogic subtleties. Now and then, the weight of tone pushed the pitch a shade flat, but otherwise she impresses as a fully accomplished singer. In the tragic arias, Sills came near her own best standard, but the florid work of the first act was distressingly uneven in tonal quality, with register problems seriously impeding her phrasing; later, when the lovely *larmoyante* quality in her voice came into play, she seemed more at ease. A feeling persists that she is singing too much these days, and spending vocal capital in the process.

The others were variously less than ideal, but none distracted as much from pleasure as did the orchestra (apparently drawn from Washington's National Symphony), which was under-rehearsed, both on its own terms and in relation to the stage. All too often, a long-range downbeat carefully prepared by Troyanos would be undermined by stiffness in the pit, and the tonal quality of ritornellos and obbligatos was consistently poor. The basic tempos were sound, however, and we may doubtless count on improve-

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EAGLES

1. *Salem, N.J.*

A heron probed the shallows
and two pintails casually moved away
but the huge nest we hoped to spot was gone:
left empty then fallen like an old house
when the owners move away or die.

2. *Brigantine Wildlife Refuge*

Chased by hawks, a single golden eagle
hunted low over the marsh.
Head down, thick shoulders punching the air,
he flew with the black power of a warlock
searching the swamp for lost hunters.

3. *Mississippi River*

Perched above a tiny pool in the frozen channel,
a bald eagle, large as a silver dollar, stretched
then soared over the empty trees.
Looking up, I wanted to salute, sing,
believe in freedom. For a moment America
was beautiful again.

Warren Woessner

ments in the pit when *Ariodante* comes to the State Theatre.

A year or so ago, the City Opera revived Britten's *Turn of the Screw*, a chamber-opera setting of Henry James's celebrated tale, in the overly ample spaces of the State Theatre—to dubious effect, since the work's dynamic range came nowhere near to filling the theatre, even at climactic points. Much the same problem bedevils the current new production (New York's first professional one) of the same composer's *Albert Herring*. Eric Crozier's libretto transplants to East Anglia a Maupassant story about the liberation of a "mother's boy," and the score is full of typical Britten ingenuities, although I can hardly share the reverence with which some of the composer's compatriots regard the work (there is a quite good recording on London OSA-1378, in which much more detail is audible than in the theatre).

Herring's libretto is full of local color, some of it inevitably obscure to the foreigner, and the City Opera production (directed by Anthony Besch, settings and costumes by Lloyd Evans) did not seek to reproduce locale so much as period (1913); often one might as well have been in the American Midwest. Given the all-American cast, proper dialect pronunciation was unfeasible and rarely attempted. All the same, a good deal of humor came over the footlights despite the frequent exaggeration. Perhaps this is the only way to do *Herring* in America, but the farcical emphasis more than once left the audience in momentary doubt about the appropriate tone—as in the third act, where a good part of the audience remained laughing through the first part of the "Threnody" on Albert's supposed demise; only at the third stanza or so could the music make its penetrating point. However, there were some nice inventions in the staging.

As in *The Makropoulos Affair*, the company was able to bring forth from the ranks a remarkable protagonist—in this case the young tenor John Stewart, whose technical mastery was such that virtually every word came across, with full value given to all the subtleties of Britten's text setting; given his finely produced, clear ringing voice and a handsome, mobile stage presence, Stewart should go a long way. Next best in the diction sweepstakes was Ellen Faull, her penchant for elaborate comic detail more to the point on this occasion than it usually is. Kay Creed (whose high-rise coiffure attested to an exceptional level of craftsmanship and imagination among East Anglian hairdressers) and Dominic Cossa made an attractive pair of young lovers, with the latter singing much more naturally than he does in the Italian repertory. Muriel Greenspon suffered from the directorial "camp" applied to Albert's mother, but the smaller parts were well taken, if not always comprehensibly.

With practice, the orchestra will doubtless achieve more security in such difficult passages as the second-act interlude. However, Mario Bernardi's sluggish, shapeless tempos constitute a more serious impediment to inferring the musical truth of the score. □

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Crossword Puzzle No. 1411

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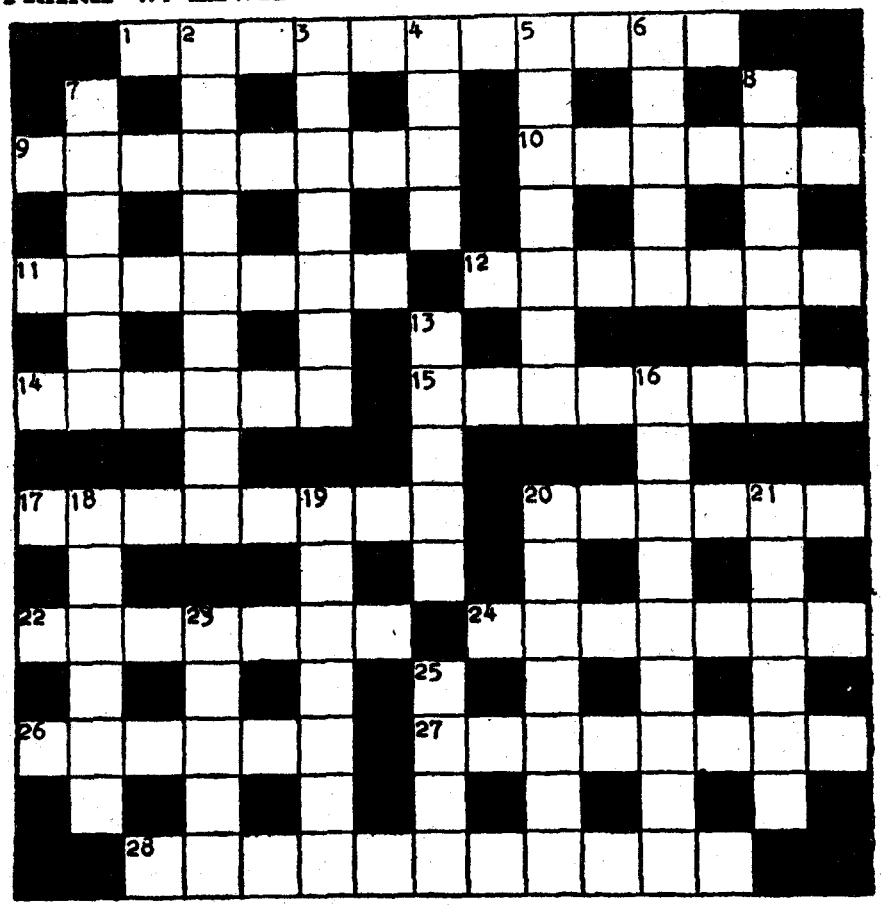

ACROSS

1 Good-by, as some might say, despite having just come upon a rice pudding. (11)
9 Spelunkers might, as well as depressed areas. (8)
10 Its reign was only about 15 months. (6)
11 Disturbs an unquiet sort of 27. (7)
12 Indians have two points, as the beer might come, or sheathes. (7)
14 Greek assemblies some time since are disorganized. (6)
15 Stepped around the umpire briefly, and made a few remarks of introduction. (8)
17 1, further north and west. (2,6)
20 The French animal on a Russian lake. (6)
22 Not necessarily a one-star outfit, where the sailor might get tossed a drink. (7)
24 An image in a long time should make another image. (7)
26 A hungry person might have to live on it, but not air, however foul. (6)
27 Spinach and thyme, for instance. (8)
28 Like Jefferson's self-evident truth. (11)

DOWN

2 One that runs well or reaches it in the making. (9)
3 One might find a rhyme scheme upside-down. (7)
4 and 23 down Exodus made simple by it, or just not concerned? (9)
5 Understanding French? (7)
6 Useful if you're not sure about your date. (5)
7 Comparatively lengthy version of 21. (2, 4)
8 He gets right in the heart of things to stick. (6)
13 A 2 might be connected with the kingly type. (5)
16 A number of stars in addition to an Italian city official, initially. (9)
18 A 24 probably is, and sounds like a way to unwind. (6)
19 The racket gets spoken about first, for example. (7)
20 It might be what Neptune holds in the extremes of an English county. (7)
21 Something like 17 sounds like a bargain. (4-2)
23 See 4 down
25 A nice place to look for a dog, perhaps. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1410

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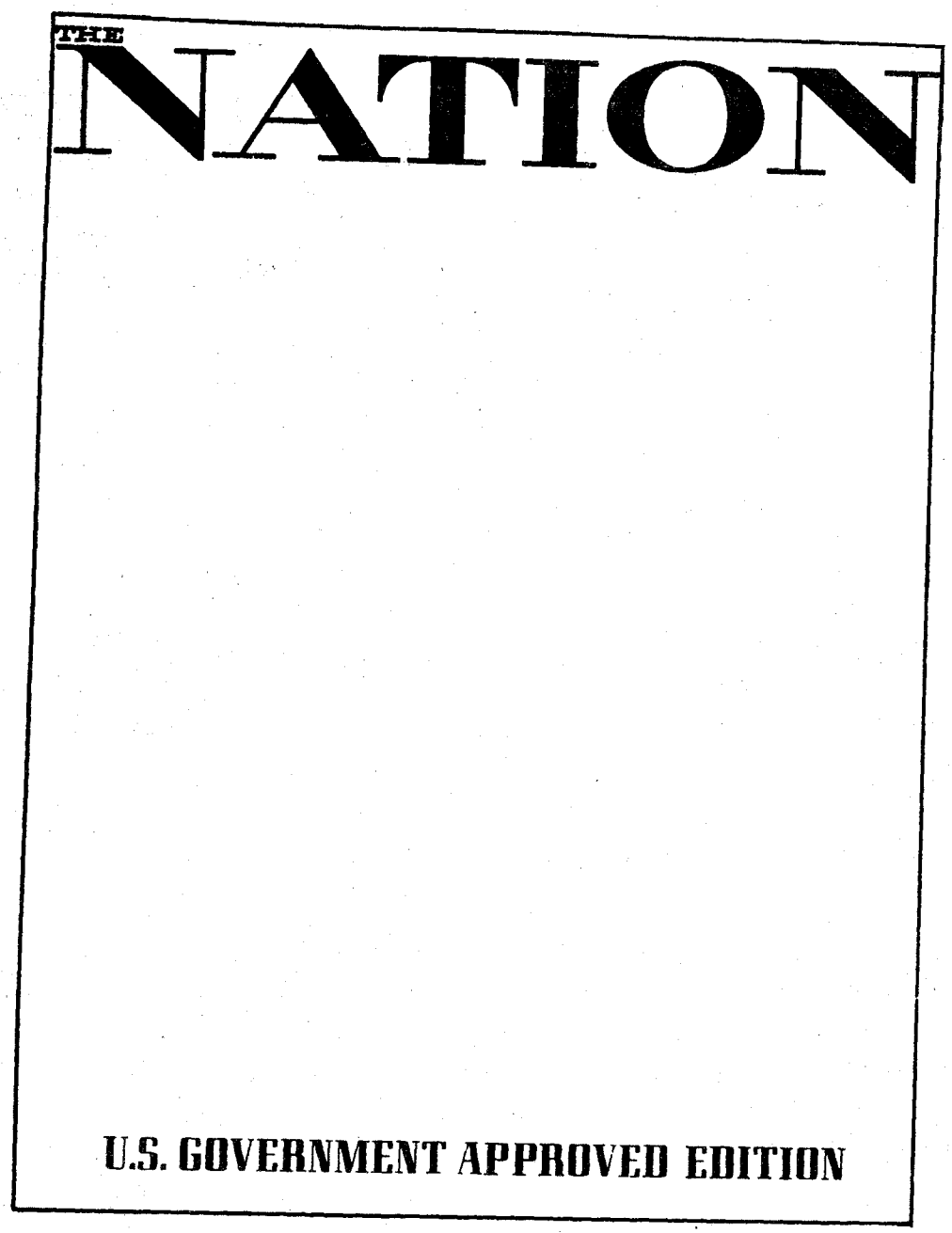

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